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L'Acciato.

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DR HILES and his compact phalanx of provincial musicians have no reason to be dissatisfied with the result of their march on London. If they did not make the metropolis at once capitulate, they have at all events established an advanced post and prepared the way for another campaign. London confessedly likes to be first in the field, and is accustomed to carrying its measures into the provinces; so that some sub-rational reserve had to be broken down. Still a fair number of representative musicians went down to meet the men of the country.

A CONFERENCE of professional musicians formed on a plan of local representation has a great educational and social value. Nothing but good can arise from the enlightening of each other and the public on the wants and the wishes of the profession. The mere sense of strength that grows out of membership in a powerful organisation is also a thing well worth cherishing. Isolation is as bad for the professional musician as for any one; and any scheme which will keep him in touch with his fellows, if only for the mutual sharpening of wit and general stimulus of the faculties, will not go begging for friends.

xx

IT is when the organisation is regarded as a means to definite concerted action that doubts creep in. Some of the suggestions made at the conference as to the work the society should take up, could only have emanated from minds delightfully innocent of the things that are possible in this world; although the suggestions had the negative value of showing the motives that may impel to membership. But even some of the propositions very fully enlarged upon by a few of the leading members had a questionable tendency. The professional spirit too often bore down the liberal spirit that ought to pervade all practice of the arts.

xx

IT is impossible, for example, not to feel that the strictures on the "amateur" are the outcome of a rather petty spirit. On all hands there is a complaint that the amateur, if he does not actually take the bread out of the mouth of the professional musician, at all events sadly reduces it in quantity. The complaint really rests upon a short-sighted view of facts. Music is not a thing for which there is a constant demand by a primal law of nature. The taste for it has to be created, and the creation of that taste is a supreme object with many who are concerned with something more than professional interests; who are concerned with popular culture and the use of music as a humanising means. In this field the amateur does admirable work, and it is for the general social good that his efforts should not diminish but increase.

xx

ON the side of the musicians' work which relates to general culture, the things that are unseen are fully as important as the things that are seen.

The various press opinion is to the effect that the publication of songs is largely in excess of that of pianoforte music, suggests that it may be regarded as indicating a decline in the interest of the musical world in the pianoforte. In point of fact, however, it is very largely the extension of interest in the piano which has led to the multiplication of songs. Every household of moderate means has its piano; and while this means an in-

crease in instrumental culture, it means a far greater increase in vocal culture, to which elementary musical endeavour inclines to run.

What is plain to the discontented professional musician is, that by the existence of the amateur, competition for concert-work is made keener. What he does not see is that the amateur, by his enthusiasm and easily-obtained services, is carrying forward the mission of the art, and preparing the raw material to be moulded by the recognised members of the profession. If it were not that the love for music has been greatly promoted of late by non-professional agencies, the large number of teachers sent forth every year from our training schools and colleges could not find occupation.

IT may be that many persons nominally members of the profession, are really amateurs in point of ability and training. Here is legitimate matter for reform. Anything that will make the musician a better educational instrument will be welcomed. Let us by all means take what care is possible that the men and women who have the teaching of music shall be soundly trained, and fully equipped with the latest knowledge. That this end can be gained otherwise than by the formation of a public opinion, which will select—as is already in part being done—from those teachers who have passed duly authorised examining bodies, is not, however, conceivable. Any attempt to obtain for musicians a legal monopoly will very properly evoke wide opposition, and the best interests of the Society of Professional Musicians will not be promoted by making this one of their prominent claims. The State is bound to protect itself against quacks in medicine as a vital security of social health. It is not bound in the same sense to make the practice of law a monopoly, and the close corporation of lawyers is an institution of more than doubtful good. To place the musical profession in a similar position would be to gratuitously part with one of the safeguards of progress.

THE English public will in April have an opportunity of making atonement for long neglect of Liszt's works, and for much active prejudice against them. A considerable change of feeling has taken place of late, and there is no fear that the master will not be received everywhere with enthusiasm. The danger is rather the other way—that he will personally be lionised, while acquaintance with his music is not extended. What one would like to see organised is a series of Liszt concerts, at which the finest and most representative examples of his compositions should be performed on a worthy scale. The single concert at the Crystal Palace hardly does enough. An opportunity is here awaiting Herr Franke or some equally enterprising concert director.

A CONTEMPORARY, in calling attention to the fact that the publication of songs is largely in excess of that of pianoforte music, suggests that it may be regarded as indicating a decline in the interest of the musical world in the pianoforte. In point of fact, however, it is very largely the extension of interest in the piano which has led to the multiplication of songs. Every household of moderate

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OUR contemporary, *The Musical World*, began the new year and its sixty-fourth volume with a new editor and a new policy, an enlarged form and a reduced price. This was in every sense a reasonable change; and we wish that the year may bring prosperity for it. Our desire is not the less hearty because under its new management *The Musical World* is developing features which we were the first to make prominent in English musical periodicals. There never was any reason why musical papers should be the highest evolutions of dulness; but it has taken a considerable number of years to discover this. *The Musical World* promises to be readable as well as accurate, and as it is also independent of trade interest it has entered on the path to a deserved success.

A CURIOUS commencement of a life-long friendship is to be found in an anecdote of the late Mr Maas. A Nottingham man had travelled to London to hear Mr Sims Reeves, but the great tenor being indisposed, a young and comparatively new man had been substituted for him. With something like a sense of having been swindled, the aggrieved gentleman was relating his melancholy experience in the railway carriage as he travelled back the next day, when a head appeared from behind a newspaper and politely expressed regret that its owner had proved so poor a substitute. The confusion of course was on the other side, and the stammered apologies of the Nottingham gentleman were taken in such good part, that a closer intimacy was speedily established.

THE story suggests a not wholly dissimilar anecdote of Verdi, who once received a letter to the effect that the writer, having gone twice from Reggio to Parma to hear his new opera "Aida," in the vain expectation of deriving pleasure from it, begged to send him the bill for his expenses. Verdi paid the amount claimed, with the exception of the price of two suppers which he held the claimant would have had in any case. The following is a translation of the receipt:

REGGIO, May 15, 1872.

"I, the undersigned, declare that I have received from il maestro G. Verdi L. 27.80 in full reimbursement of two trips to Parma to listen to "Aida," the composer of that opera thinking fit that I should be repaid for the journeys, I not having found the work to my liking. It is also understood that I shall not again hear any new operas by the maestro Verdi, save at my own expense, whatever my judgment as to their merits.

(Signed) BERTANI PROSPERO."

AN audience which assembled at Pesth on the 12th ult. to hear Sarasate was made the sport of the weather. The train bringing the celebrated violinist was snowed up at Gran, and the only means of

establishing contact was by help of the telegraph, which was explanatory but not consolatory. There was a condensed disappointment in the audience, which it would have done a Londoner good to see, during our own wintry visitation.

HERR POLLINI has revived at Hamburg the opera, "The French before Nice," composed by Herr J. F. Kittl. The libretto was written by Wagner when conductor at Dresden in 1842. It is probable that the latter circumstance is the justification—and not a very good one—for the production. A Wagner libretto cannot prove a very manageable thing in the hands of another composer.

By permission of the Austrian minister the proprietors of the *Graphic* recently gave a page of illustrations from a forthcoming official publication by the Austrian Government. One illustration was the birth-place of Haydn—a lowly but not unpoetic cottage, which one could easily conceive to have been the scene of those peasants' merrymakings whose boisterous music breaks out in the Haydn minuets.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us an interesting reminiscence of Joseph Maas:

"I was present at what I am disposed to believe was the first appearance of Maas at an important London concert. It was one of Henry Leslie's concert in St. James' Hall. Maas was then a rather slender young man, with a mass of dark hair. He was announced to sing a ballad by the concert-giver—a setting, I think, of Poe's 'Annabel Lee.' This he rendered with such unexpected sweetness of tone that the audience was surprised into an unusually hearty demonstration of favour, and would have encored the singer more than once, had Henry Leslie permitted. My impression is that the ballad brought out to a nicely the strong points of Maas' style at the time. Later, he developed weaknesses which it took years of work to remove."

MUSICIANS of various kinds will probably find points to interest them in the new Copyright Bill, which is threatened at an early date, if the question of Home Rule leaves room for home affairs. The subject is being discussed on the continent also, and a Belgian contemporary holds up the inhabitants of Hayti to admiration. In that benighted land an author has proprietary right in his work for his life-time, his widow for hers, his children for twenty years, and other heirs for ten. A publisher guilty of piracy is fined in the value of one thousand copies of the original edition, and the vendor of pirated works in the value of two hundred copies,—the amounts being handed over to the possessor of the proprietary right. This is not bad for Hayti.

CONSIDERABLE interest attaches to the attempt to found in New York a school of opera to be sung by Americans, and friends of national art were prepared to discount many errors of omission and commission in setting in motion so difficult a scheme. The interpolation of a ballet with Rubinstein's music in a performance of Goetz's "Taming of the Shrew," seems, however, a gratuitous intrusion of false ideas of art which indicates weak counsel. "Lohengrin" and the "Magic Flute" are in rehearsal, and it is not without trembling that the efforts of the adventurers in opera will be watched in these masterpieces of German opera.

MADAME STRAUSS has a fan which may with peculiar appropriateness be used to agitate the air of a heated concert-room. It bears the autograph of many eminent European composers, and Munkacsy has further enriched it with a sketch of his

picture, "The last moments of Mozart." Doubtless, some day the fan will be an admired object in a collection like that which contains Scarlatti's quill, and other minor curiosities of the musical life.

WHEN a writer sets out on a course of eulogy it is just as well that it should be consistently high-pitched. A few grains of criticism would only distress the partisan reader, and dissatisfy the fair-minded one who likes to see inflated eulogy well done, even as a piece of art. At the end of an article on Verdi in this month's *Century*, the writer says: "The poorest of his operas would enrich for life as to themes any of the over-ambitious and hard-working—after the fashion of the mosaic-makers of Venice—successful composers of modern France, Italy, and Germany." This is very good in its place at the close of a wholly uncritical article. It is nonsense, but that is another matter.

A QUESTION has arisen in America as to what constitutes a popular concert, it being implied that the symphony is not a popular form. Popularity is of course a matter of populace, and no absolute statement can be made about it; but it may safely be said that in the larger English towns the symphony is a popular form in concert programmes. There is a tendency to confound poverty with popularity, and to think that a general audience can only be properly appealed to with music of the order of "Twinkle, twinkle." Experiments with classical music in the least cultured quarters have sufficiently demonstrated its fallacy.

"MANON" has been receiving very sharp treatment at the hands of the better-informed New York critics. In England there is so strong a desire for the prosperity of Mr Carl Rosa's schemes, because he is the sole mainstay of permanent opera, that criticism is disarmed. Presumably opera of French origin is satisfactory to the "treasury," and that is a consideration which others than Mr Carl Rosa, unfortunately, cannot disregard. One looks, however, with feelings something less than hopeful to the further results of Mr Carl Rosa's explorations in the region to which we owe "Manon" and "Fadette."

MR MANN'S Crystal Palace programme contains the rather startling announcement that an attempt will be made to perform Gounod's "Redemption" on the scale of the Händel Festival. Setting aside the question whether the sense of proportion in musical celebrations will not be outraged by doing for a contemporary composer, whose work will never assuredly modify popular culture in any appreciable degree, what is done for the puissant Händel, there remains the question whether the "Redemption" admits of effective rendering by a colossal chorus in a vast auditorium. Gounod's mannered vocal progressions do not want emphasising, and the subtler beauties of his orchestration will be lost. No date is fixed for the performance, so that the directors of the concerts have time to consider their rather dubious project.

MR FRANKE does not permit the grass to grow under his feet. A twelfth series of chamber concerts was initiated on January 26, and the work proposed for the course contains much promise of good. One of the features—a vocal quartet composed of Miss B. Hamlin, Lena Little, Messrs W. J. Winch and Otto Fischer—will be received with general favour, as being the means of introducing a comparatively little known class of music. Perfect quartet singing has as many charms for the ear, content with delicate effects, as quartet playing,

THE announcement that Madame Albini sang on January 14 at a musical party in Paris is one to be read with regret. The gathering was, it is true, a private one, but it did not escape the notice of the omniscient correspondent of the *Times*. Albini was remarkable among great singers in having retired from the stage while her powers were undiminished. It is not pleasing to think of the great artiste submitting herself even to friendly criticism at a time when weight of years and *embonpoint* have rendered the sitting posture necessary in singing. The shadow of a great reputation should not be so rudely dispelled. There ought to be but one Albini, the singer who between the years 1843 and 1859 ravished all men's hearing with the luscious beauty of her notes.

DR VON BULOW, who is apt to be a little despotic in the orchestra, has been checkmated in Russia by a higher despotism still. "You are in error; play F natural, not F sharp," said the conductor to a clarinet player during a rehearsal of a work by Glinka. The instrumentalist questioned the rectitude of the change, and was supported in his resistance by the Conservatoire. In their opinion Glinka was not to be submitted to the correction of a German conductor. Finally, the Grand Duke Constantine was called in to support the Russian mutiny, and Bülow had to give way. But at the performance Von Bülow, publicly addressing the clarinettist before the piece, had the last word in the debate:—"You are to play F sharp, by order."

PARISIAN musicians seem indisposed to wait for that golden age when ordinary concert programmes will be purged of all trivialities to make room for works which are at present more valuable than familiar. A new society, "La Symphonie," has been formed for the production of meritorious less-known works, whether ancient or modern. It includes alike composers, performers, and distinguished amateurs, and will probably continue to be harmonious until some of its members begin to discover that their undeniably little known works are of the modern meritorious order.

THE *Progrès Artistique* tells a good story of the recent arrival of an American agent with a proposal that Madame Nilsson should undertake a concert tour in which she should sing in costume selections from "Faust." In place of the spinning-wheel, however, she was to have a sewing-machine—the "Penelope-Excelsior"—bearing upon it in glowing Edison lamps the name of the constructor. The concert receipts were to be supplemented on every occasion when the sewing-machine was used by a draft for 1000 dollars. Madame Nilsson, while recognising the genius of the impresario, declined to accept his terms.

A WEEK or two since, during the fifth act of "La Juive," Madame Caron, who had given an admirable interpretation of the rôle of "Rachel," was seized with syncope at the moment when she was about to sing the phrase, "My father, I have fear." The curtain fell, and the performance remained unfinished. French artists have not been happy of late, the performances of the "Cid" having been interrupted by the indispositions of M. Jean de Reszé and of Madame Fédié Devriès.

MADAME PATTI gave up the idea of going to sing at Antwerp, as there was little chance of its proving remunerative, the public having protested against the heavy augmentation in the price of places. A similar fate appears to have befallen her elsewhere. She was to have given two special performances at the Opera at Warsaw, but the high prices necessitated by her charges led to a

reaction. The Varsovian press opened a campaign against her, suggesting that the money should be devoted rather to the poor than to Patti. The appeal was so unanimously responded to, that Patti went elsewhere, and the poor had a pleasant gift for their new year. The story has an evident moral for Patti and others.

A VIGOROUS objection was recently taken by the Rev. Dr Munro in the Glasgow School Board, to the teaching of "extra subjects." In his opinion there was a great deal of rubbish taught in their schools, and to instruct a sweep's daughter in the piano or in Greek, was simply preposterous. Not so hastily good Doctor! It all depends upon the quality of the sweep's daughter. Some of the greatest composers have come out of lowly homes, and had all men argued so arbitrarily, the world would have been poorer to-day. Moreover, why single out the sweep's occupation for contemptuous reference? Though not in itself clean, it is in the interest of cleanliness; and cleanliness, as the Doctor knows, is next to—but to quote may be tedious.

THE proposal to erect a bronze statue to Orlando Gibbons in his native town of Cambridge, is one which will have commended itself to all to whom the work of the able organist and composer is known. The original suggestion came from the late Professor of Music, Sir W. Sterndale Bennett, and it is proposed that his portrait shall be placed in basso-relievo upon the pedestal. It is however, objected that Sterndale Bennett deserves a statue to himself, and not a mere memorial appendage to the Gibbon's statue. The commission for the latter has been given to Mr Hamo Thornycroft, and Dr Villiers Stanford is acting as secretary of the movement. Justice is slowly being done to the memory of "the English Palestrina."

THE San Francisco journalists are dissatisfied that Sir Arthur Sullivan should remain unmarried, and two or three matches have recently been made for him. It is now announced with some appearance of authority, that he is to wed Miss Sybil Sanderson, a Californian lady of great wealth and personal attractions. Congratulations had, however, better be deferred until the statement issues from a less imaginative quarter.

THERE has been a good deal of rather silly talk about the Duke of Edinburgh in his capacity of first violinist of the Royal Amateur Orchestra. The fact that he esteems the position indicates a finer order of taste and ambition than can be discovered in many members of Royal families. It does not need a Joachim to lead the Royal Amateurs, and as these concerts are given on behalf of deserving charities, His Royal Highness' leading is valuable in a double sense.

"THERE is a sea below the sea," Walt Whitman said to Mr Haweis lately, in explanation of the vast commerce in literature which did not swim at the high level of Walt's own. The same may be said of music, and it is occasionally instructive to watch the disturbances in the lower deeps. The most recent is a copyright case tried in the Queen's Bench Division, whereby damages of £32 were awarded for infringement of rights in a music hall song. Counsel admitted that the song was stupid doggerel, and defended a side issue raised as to whether music could be immoral. When questions of aesthetics arise in court over stupid doggerel, and are submitted to the intelligence of twelve jurymen, the professed writer of the "higher criticism" may well get out of conceit with himself.

MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON has been making confession of her liking for English society and English character and ways. She has even a good word for the climate. It is only disagreeable for two months in the year, and it is so easy to get away! We can hardly regard it as wholly flattering to state as one of the advantages of a residence that it is easy to get away from it. Still the weather can be bad. As M. Taine said to Thackeray when they met under umbrellas on a soaking day, "It takes a lot of freedom to compensate for it."

In its obituary notice of Mr Joseph Maas, the *Times* says he created the part of Des Grieux in "Manon," at Drury Lane last spring. This is a mistake. Mr Barton M'Guckin first assumed the part on the English lyric stage when Massenet's work was produced in the provinces.

THE Princess Lili Dolgorouki has arrived in London, and has been winning much applause from the patrons of the Aquarium, who not unnaturally find that fiddling gives an extra fillip to the attention when a Princess holds the bow. The manager has vouchsafed the information that the Princess is a Spaniard, who was trained for the musical profession under Vieuxtemps and others; that the Prince whose name she now adorns programmes with, had the heart fiddled out of him; and that through her marriage she became niece to the present governor of Moscow, and also to the Princess Dolgorouki, who was the morganatic wife of the late Emperor of Russia. From the artistic point of view she had better have remained the pupil of Vieuxtemps.

M. CARVALHO has once more added an epistle to the Wagner controversy in Paris. He refers to the alleged formation of a "patriotic league," with 10,000 francs subscription to prevent the Lohengrin performance, and pertinently asks why it should be anti-patriotic to play Wagner when it is permissible to play Mozart and Beethoven? Mozart and Beethoven, he says, had no personal ground for their hatred of France, while Wagner's experiences of Paris were a sufficient justification for any bitterness he might feel.

M. ANATOLE DE LA FORGE has written to the President of the Municipal Council of Paris, suggesting that as they are baptizing the streets of Paris, one of them might be named after Victor Massé. The transformation of the Rue Bergère or the Rue Richer into the Rue Victor Massé could not, he adds, be objectionable either to the ghost of Halévy, the shade of Auber, or the happily very living personality of Gounod.

APROPOS of the Caverot-Massenet antagonism over *Hérodiade*, the *Echo de Fourvières* suggests that the Feast of John the Baptist on the 24th June should be the occasion of a solemn protestation of the Catholic population against the impieties of Massenet and Milliet, who have dared to lay sacrilegious hands upon holy writ. The proposal ends with the characteristic imprecation—"May the curse of God pursue these miscreants to all eternity!" It reads rather like an incitement to a breach of the peace and the heads of composer and libertist.

THE operatic and dramatic atmosphere seems peculiarly liable to become surcharged with electricity. Whether it be that stage-work involves a special nervous strain or attracts a somewhat irritable type of mind, there certainly seems to be

some unsteading of the judgment in regard to what is desirable in personal relationships. The scenes between Colonel Mapleson and Mr Leslie Croft are to be regretted as little to the credit of either combatant.

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THE death of Miss Susan Pyne removes the elder of two sisters, who between 1840 and 1860 attained considerable popularity as vocalists. She studied under Sir George Smart, made her debut in 1841, and was subsequently well known at the Lyceum, Drury Lane, and Covent Garden. She was also received with great favour in the principal cities of the United States. As an artist she was surpassed by her younger and surviving sister, whose fine soprano voice and facile florid style are not yet forgotten by old frequenters of operas, oratorios, and concerts.

IRISH musicians may well pray for the repose of the late Elizabeth Coulson, who left the sum of £13,000 to found an Academy of Music in Dublin. Unfortunately the sum, munificent as the legacy was, is insufficient to establish an Academy. A scheme has, therefore, been drawn up, proposing to hand the bequest to the Royal Irish Academy of Music, to be managed by a committee of six members—three appointed by the Academy and three by the Dublin Corporation. The suggestion seems sufficiently good to commend itself to the sanction of the Chambers.

THE VENUE of an action between the Musical Exchange, London, and Mr Archibald Ramsden, Leeds, has been changed from the latter town to Westminster. The Leeds music agent had applied to the Exchange to learn Patti's terms, and had received in reply a telegram saying—"Madame Patti has only one price, £500 net. The same terms are paid by Harrison of Birmingham, Cramer, Mapleson, &c." Mr Ramsden accordingly remitted £500, but has since learned that Messrs Harrison had only paid £450. The argument is, therefore, that as he paid £50 more than was absolutely necessary by the misrepresentation of the Exchange, it is only fair that the latter should refund that amount.

M. GOUNOD went lately to Rheims, where he visited the Cathedral and the Archbishop, M. Langénieux. At the moment of parting the latter said to him—"You ought to compose a great work for us—a mass in honour of Joan of Arc." Gounod promised to do so, saying, "Yes, I will compose my piece in honour of Joan of Arc; I will endeavour to make a work worthy of her; I will return to Rheims, and in the Cathedral itself, near the altar, will I write it." This, at least, is one version of the story. A variation of it is to be found in the following:—M. Gounod, when a short time since he resolved to compose a cantata on the subject of "Joan of Arc," conceived the original idea of writing it in the edifice which is especially associated with the Pucelle's most glorious days. He accordingly wrote to the Archbishop of Rheims for permission to establish a writing desk in front of the altar, and there to compose what he confidently anticipates will be looked upon as his greatest work. "On my return from Brussels," he said, a few days ago, to a friend who interviewed him on the subject, "I shall begin my 'Joan of Arc.' In accordance with my request to the Archbishop of Rheims, I shall instal my writing-table at the foot of the principal altar of his magnificent cathedral—on the very flagstone where stood the sublime heroine. At this contact something of her will pass, no doubt, into me. And my 'Joan of Arc' shall be beautiful and great, like its subject. 'Joan of Arc' will be my masterpiece."

Some Scandinavian Composers.

II.—NIELS. W. GADE.

RANKING next to Hartmann in years and above him in celebrity, is Niels. W. Gade, who was born at Copenhagen on the 22d February 1817. Though less distinctively national than the elder musician in the sources and scope of his culture, it is Gade's name which is on the lips when we speak of the music of Denmark. In so far as he has profited by foreign schools, his aims and his diction have lost the exclusive though often piquant character which belongs to the product of mother earth; but he has gained in power of appeal to European audiences; and there are few centres of art in which Gade's orchestral and choral works are not favourably known. A considerable literary interest also attaches to Gade in connection with Mendelssohn and Schumann. From the letters of the one and the critical writings of the other it is possible to present a fairly complete account of an important period in his career; and Mr Fr. Niecks, who has informed himself at first hand on many points of Gade's life, has made these generally available in a series of painstaking articles in the *Monthly Musical Record* for 1883.

Here we propose to let Gade's great musical contemporaries tell the story of his life and character. In 1843 Schumann wrote: "The following might lately have been read in a French paper:—'A young Danish composer excites much interest in Germany at present; he is called Gade, and often wanders with his violin on his shoulder, from Copenhagen to Leipsic and back; he looks as if he were Mozart himself.' The first and last parts of this information are correct; a little romance is mixed up with the rest of the sentence. The young Dane really came a few months ago to Leipsic (in the ordinary traveller's style, however, violin and all), and his Mozart head, with hair as thick and heavy as if cut in marble, agreed very well with the good opinions which his 'Ossian' overture and his first symphony had won beforehand among our resident artists."

"Little that is eventful can be told of his life. The son of an instrument-maker of Copenhagen, he possibly dreamed away his first years surrounded by more instruments than men. His first instruction in music was obtained from one of those commonplace teachers who esteem mechanical industry beyond talent, and it seems that the mentor was not very well satisfied with the progress of his pupil. He learned a little about the guitar, violin, and pianoforte, without accomplishing much on any instrument. Later he met with more able masters in Wexschall and Berggreen, and the esteemed Weyse also gave him kind advice. Compositions of very different kinds were the result, and their author thinks very little of them; no doubt many of them were the overflowings of an uncommon imagination. He afterwards entered the Royal Orchestra at Copenhagen as violinist, and here had an opportunity to listen to the secrets of the instruments, which he has since related to us in some of his compositions. This practical school, denied to some, used without understanding by many, was doubtless the principal agent in educating him up to that point of mastery in instrumentation which must undeniably be conceded to him. Through his 'Ossian' overture,

which, on the approval of Spohr and Schneider, was crowned with the prize awarded by the Copenhagen Musical Union, he attracted the attention of his music-loving king; he then received, like many other talented men in Denmark, a really royal stipend, intended, in his case, to assist him in a foreign journey; thus, he turned towards Leipsic, where he has been introduced, for the first time, to the larger musical public. He is still here, but intends shortly to visit Paris, and Italy afterwards. We will, therefore, take advantage of the moment, in which he is yet freshly present to us, to give a brief sketch of the artistic originality of this man, who has favourably impressed us, to a far

music, we cannot wonder that they try to speak their own musical language to their own nation, without becoming untrue to their former instructor. For no land can yet boast of masters that equal our greatest ones; who will declare the contrary?

"In the further north of Europe we also see national tendencies displaying themselves. Lindblad in Stockholm, transcribes old folk-songs for us, and even Ole Bull, though by no means a man of the first rank of talent, has tried to make the tones of his own home at home with us. Perhaps the appearance of so many distinguished modern poets in Scandinavia has given a powerful impulse to musical talent there, if the artists of that country have not been sufficiently reminded by their lakes, mountains, aurora borealis, and antique runes, that the north may well dare to speak its own language.

"Our young composer has also been nourished by the poetry of his fatherland; he knows and loves all its poets; old legends and traditions accompanied him on his boyish wanderings, and Ossian's giant harp resounded from the shores of England. A decided northern musical character makes its appearance for the first time in Gade's music, and especially in his 'Ossian' overture; but Gade will be the first to acknowledge all that he owes to German masters. They have rewarded the great industry with which he has devoted himself to the study of their works (he knows nearly all, by all) by the gift they bestow on those who remain true to them—the consecration of mastership.

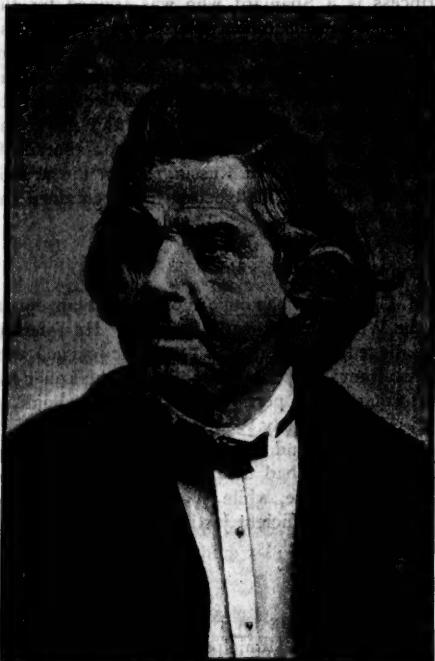
"In the 'Ossian' overture we can detect the influence of Mendelssohn in certain instrumental combinations, and in the symphony we find much that reminds us of Franz Schubert; but a very original turn of melody is observable throughout these—a national character such as has not hitherto displayed itself in the higher forms of instrumental music. But the symphony excels the overture in every respect, in natural power as well as in the mastery of technicalities.

"We only hope that this artist may not be crushed, as it were, by his nationality; that his imagination, 'illumined by the northern lights,' as some one has said, may prove its richness and variety, and that he may study other regions of life and nature. Every artist should be advised, first to win, and then to reject, originality; let him cast off the old skin, serpent-like, when it begins to compress him too closely.

"But the future is dark; much happens otherwise than as we expect; we can only express our hopes of the worthiest and finest things to come from such remarkable talent. And as if his very name—like that of Bach—had had an influence in making a musician of him—odd accident—the four letters of his name are those that designate the four violin-strings. Let no one jest away this little sign of the muse's favour; or the other, that his name, by means of four clefs, may be written in one note, which cabalists will find easy to discover.

"We may expect a second symphony by Gade this month; it differs from the first, in being lighter and softer. While listening to it, we think of the lovely Danish beech-woods."

[The note referred to above is A in the treble



NIELS. W. GADE.

clef, which becomes G in the tenor, D in the mezzo-soprano, and E in the baritone clefs.]

The symphony to which Schumann makes reference, is thus described by Mendelssohn, whose letters fitly carry on the tale:—“ We had yesterday the first rehearsal of your symphony in C minor, and though personally wholly unknown to you, I cannot resist the wish to address you in order to tell you what an extraordinary pleasure you have given me by your excellent work, and how heartily grateful I am to you for the great enjoyment it has afforded me. For a long time past no work has made a more vivid, beautiful impression upon me, and as I wondered at every bar more, and yet felt more at home, I could not help expressing to you to-day my thanks for so much pleasure, telling you how highly I estimate your splendid talent, how eager this symphony, the only thing of yours I as yet know, makes me to become acquainted with all the preceding and subsequent compositions. And as I hear that you are still so young, it is particularly the subsequent ones to which I may joyfully look forward—of which in so beautiful a work I welcome the sure promise—and for which I now thank you, as well as for the enjoyment I had yesterday. We shall still have several rehearsals of your symphony, and shall not bring it to a hearing till three or four weeks hence. The parts were so full of mistakes that we had to get them revised, and several of them re-written; and then it shall not be played like a new one, but like one that is familiar and dear to the whole orchestra. This was indeed already yesterday the case, and we musicians were all of one opinion. Herr Raimund Härtel told me there was a probability of your coming here in the course of the winter. I would this were the case, as I could then by word of mouth better and more plainly express and prove my gratitude. But whether we may become acquainted or not, I beg you always to look upon me as one who will follow all your works with love and sympathy, and to whom the meeting with an artist like you, and an art-work like your symphony in C minor, will at all times be a most heartfelt pleasure.”

Later, Mendelssohn wrote of the performance of the work:—“ Yesterday your C Minor Symphony was for the first time performed at the eighteenth of our Subscription Concerts, to the lively and unalloyed pleasure of the whole public, which, after every one of the four movements, broke out into the loudest applause. After the Scherzo, the people were in a state of real excitement, and there was no end to the rejoicing and clapping of hands; it was the same after the Adagio; the same after the last movement and after the first: in short, after all! To see the musicians so unanimous, the audience so delighted, the performance so successful—that was to me as great a pleasure as if I had composed the work myself! Or a still greater one; for in what is one’s own one perceives most clearly the faults and failures, whilst in your work I feel as yet nothing but pleasure in all the splendid beauties. Through yesterday evening you have made a lasting friend of the whole Leipsic public which really loves music; no one will henceforth speak of your name and your work otherwise than with the most heartfelt esteem; and every one of your future works will be received with open arms, studied at once with the greatest care, and joyfully welcomed by all lovers of music here.”

In the autumn of 1843 Gade presented himself in Leipzig, as Schumann has related. For three years his figure was a prominent one in Leipzig musical circles. He shared the conductorship of the Gewandhaus Concerts with Mendelssohn, and during the latter’s absence in Berlin was sole conductor. He was also appointed one of the teachers at the Conservatorium, and at select gatherings he was accustomed to play the tenor in quartets. Mendelssohn’s friendship remained constant to him, and at that funeral on the 7th of November, when the whole of Leipzig mourned its brightest musical spirit departed, Gade was one of the pall-bearers.

Political troubles between Germany and Denmark sent Gade back to his native country in 1848. In Copenhagen he became successively organist of the Garrison Church, organist of the Holmens Kirke, conductor of the Musical Union, Knight of the Danebrog, Professor, and Royal Kappellmeister. At a later period he was made Commander of the Danebrog, and his countrymen have given at various times substantial expression of their sense of his work in forwarding music in Denmark. Numerous testimonies from foreign musicians exist to the wide influence he has exercised on art, and equally eloquent witness has been borne to his general intellectual and social culture. Gade made personal acquaintance with the English public in 1876 and again in 1882, when his Cantata, “ Psyche,” was one of the features of the Birmingham Festival.

Has Gade justified Mendelssohn’s enthusiastic forecast of his future? In a sense, fully; and yet in a sense, not. The five overtures, the eight symphonies, and the numerous other compositions for full orchestra, for voices, and for various instruments, which he has produced, are all works which may be placed on a level with that so unstintedly praised by Mendelssohn; but it would be difficult to point to any one composition as rising greatly, if at all above that level. Creative power, which appeared comparatively late in Gade, appeared, it would seem, fully formed. It not unfrequently happens that minds which ripen late are the weightiest, when there is also capacity of growth. The admitted feature of Gade’s genius is that it manifested itself in a perfectly rounded form in his Opus 1, and that its subsequent expansion was comprised within four years. We do not therefore look for developing power in Gade’s productions, but rather for a sequence of artistically finished compositions, breathing refinement and at all times satisfying the ear and the intellect as agreeable, scholarly work, though not charged with emotional purpose. But if he does not storm, he is at all events rarely tedious. His speech lost some of its northern tang as he came more fully under the influence of the German masters—notably of Mendelssohn; and the breezy quality which is so attractive in his early opus numbers proved, necessarily, of an evanescent kind. In his instrumentation he is often extremely felicitous, the grouping being pure and admirable in their relation to the main subject-matter. What might be urged against his work is that it lies within a narrow compass of feeling; there is pleasant invention, exquisite detached touches, overflowing good spirits and unfailing lucidity of utterance, but not the high and noble seriousness in conception and that vibratory grip of the orchestra which belong to the highest grade of mastership. Short of that, however, there must be conceded to him a genius which has placed Denmark among the musical nations of Europe, and taught us all to love her speech and to look forth hopefully for the flashing of the northern lights.

Myth and Music.

FOLK-TALES have of late years been so largely given over to theorists that one has become habituated to approach them through a prefatory avenue of problems as numerous as that of the sphinxes at Karnak. It is to be feared, however, that the majority of those who appreciate them prefer the subject matter to the theorizing, and are content with some crude classification on a basis of personal taste. To the musician as musician it is a small matter whether this or that story is a sun myth or a cloud myth, or whether Max Müller or Lang should be followed in regard to it; he may have no desire to work down through the tertiary and secondary

accretions towards the primitive nucleus. But his bosom inevitably glows at the record of early patronage of musical art involved in the statement that King Cole maintained three fiddlers; and he cannot fail to be interested in pondering the curious influence of the feline violinist over certain domesticated animals and domestic utensils. In his idler dreaming, there will recur to him a world of old stories in which music and musicians have played a leading part, and into which have been woven some hints of the pleasures and pains which those of old time found in “the most modern” of the arts.

In such a review the limitations of the musical resources of folk-tales soon become apparent, though the range is considerably greater than might have been inferred. An orchestra composed of the instruments cited in them would be very respectable numerically, though indisputably weak in respect of strings and wood-winds. Trumpets and kettle-drums there would be in abundance,—trumpets and kettle-drums being a conventional method of indicating magnificence and splendid joy. When the fisherman and his wife, Ilasibl, in Grimm’s story, are promoted to a royal palace of marble and gold, they are received by soldiers with kettle-drums and trumpets; and when Ilasibl becomes “Emperor” she is greeted with the same instruments with the addition of cymbals. Again, “the shoes that were danced to pieces” underwent that fate in the subterranean castle to music of the same kind, for no princesses could dance with princes without kettle-drums and trumpets. The drum, however, is by no means always mentioned with favour. The Scandinavian hill-people had a horror of thunder, and appear to have transferred their antipathy to the drum as an instrument producing a kindred rolling sound. “What sort of music will you have?” asked a hill-man, who had been invited to a christening. “Drums,” was the message-boy’s answer; and the hill man, who had expressed his willingness to tolerate the presence of St Peter and St Paul, and even of the Virgin Mary, at once declined the invitation. In this respect, again, the hill-people differ from some of the ghost family, who have a partiality for percussive instruments. The Chinese summon ancestral souls by beat of drum in order that they may partake of meat and drink. Curiously enough a similar idea is made the basis of a short poem by Oehlenschlaeger, in which an old man, who has lost one of his sons by drowning, betakes himself each day at sunrise to the sea-shore, enters his boat, and, while his two remaining children row him to and fro, beats an old drum and invokes his dead son. Possibly this song must be regarded rather as allying itself to the belief that firing a cannon over water where a corpse is lying will cause it to float to the surface. The mention of the trumpet as a solo instrument is not common—one of the most striking references to it being in one of the versions of Ussheen’s last hunt, where the old warrior poet calls the birds together with a blast that seems to pervade earth and sky, and yet is of surpassing melody. It is occasionally used, however, in combination with other instruments than the drum, as in the story of the poor miller’s boy who finds his way to an enchanted palace and hears an eccentric trio of cats, one of whom plays a trumpet, the second a bassoon, and the third a fiddle. The bassoon is also an infrequently cited instrument, sharing this rarity with the dulcimer and guitar. In the Norwegian story, “The Dwarf’s Banquet,” an instrument of the dulcimer type is mentioned as that on which the giantesses used to play; and a guitar to which everyone is compelled to dance is one of the gifts by which the hero of a Bohemian story is enabled to overcome a black, a white, and a red giant, and finally the Evil One himself. The lute finds occasional mention, as in the story of the childless queen who lamented day and night, and finally—a by no means unprecedented case—became the mother of a little donkey. Her offspring had especial pleasure in music, and learned to play

the lute, ultimately wedding a princess and being transformed into a sage and beautiful man. With the flute one of the most pathetic of the musical stories is associated—"The Nix of the Mill-pond." The wife whose husband has been drawn under the water by the nix, complains of her loss to a benevolent witch, who gives her a golden flute, and says—"Tarry till the full moon comes again, then take the flute, play a beautiful air upon it, and when thou hast finished lay it on the sand." She does so and sees her husband, but once more they are separated. Years afterwards they meet but no longer recognize each other. One night in the moonlight, however, he plays on his flute a beautiful sorrowful air. The shepherdess weeps, and when he asks the reason, replies—"Alas! thus shone the full moon, when I played this air on the flute for the last time, and the head of my beloved rose out of the water." So the veil falls. "They embraced and kissed each other, and no one need ask if they were happy."

The four instruments of most frequent mention in our Western folk-lore are undoubtedly the fiddle, the pipes, the harp, and the horn. The last, of course, is the natural accompaniment of some of the wild hunting legends, and is frequently a potent aid in time of need. In one case, apparently reminiscent of Jericho, all walls and fortifications fall down at the sound of it; towns and villages become ruins, and its dreaded possessor becomes king of the country. The king of harpers is perhaps the Scandinavian Neck, who sits on the top of the water playing his golden harp. Moreover he is the king of music-teachers on very moderate terms—the present of a black lamb and the promise of resurrection and redemption. If told that he will never be saved he flings his harp away and sinks to the bottom of the river weeping bitterly.

The harp, the pipes, and the fiddle share between them in the main the legends illustrating the compulsory power of music. Other instruments have occasionally had the same power, such as the guitar in the Bohemian "Giants of the Schar-kathal," and Oberon's horn in the romance of "Huon de Bordeaux"; but the exceptions of this kind are few. Thanks in part to Mr Browning, the "Pied Piper of Hameln" has come to be regarded as the typical instance of the charm of music. He has eclipsed his classic prototypes, Arion, Orpheus, and Amphion, and has as great pretension to a real existence as any hero of romance and many heroes of history—witness the precision of his date and the records on the Hameln Rathaus and elsewhere. Yet he is only one of a crowd, with no pre-eminent claim upon attention,—having, indeed, his counterparts in the tropics in those demon-pipers who ride through Abyssinian villages on ghosts and draw away the children. Out of the mythic mist emerge a host of correspondent figures. There is the violinist of Brandenburg who fiddled away all the children out of the town and into the Marienberg; and there is the hermit piper of Lorch who piped away a plague of ants, and then because the Bishop of Worms refused to pay him, piped on till all the pigs in the place danced down after him into the Lake of Lorch. These inhabitants of the Lorch district appear to have possessed an Egyptian hardness of heart, leading eventually to a calamity not wholly dissimilar to the death of the first-born. A year after the fate of the swine there was a plague of crickets, and the appearance of a piper in the guise of a charcoal-burner, who drew them to the lake, and, in default of payment, piped the sheep of the farmers after them. Finally, in the third year, came a plague of rats, and a little old man of the mountains, who, in revenge for similar treatment, piped all the children away into the Tannenberg. This Protean piper reappears as the musician of the Hartz mountains, who marched along with a bagpipe playing fifty tunes, at each of which a maiden died. There can be little doubt as to his identity with the piper in Burns' "Tam o' Shanter,"—the same piper who raised the stone circle at Stanton Drew, in Somerset, where a bridal party danced

from Saturday into the Sunday morning to the sound of the Devil's own bagpipes, and could not stop until they had danced themselves into a ghastly group of skeletons. Even the Quiches of Guatemala have a story of the dance-compelling pipes, and there have been many casual instruments with the same magic power. Grecian and Wallachian stories are to be found almost identical with that given by Grimm of the miser's servant who receives from a dwarf a fiddle which compels all who hear it to dance, and who by its means makes a Jew dance among thorn bushes. The Jew follows him and charges him with highway robbery; but when he is about to be hung he plays the fiddle, and at the first scrapes, judge, clerk, hangman, attendants, all begin to dance. It is not easy to hang a man in the midst of an extempore ballet, and they promise him pardon if he will leave off. He still threatens his accuser however, and sooner than dance to the fiddle again, the Jew prefers to confess and be hanged. In the Icelandic story, Sigurd's harp causes knives, plates, tables, stools, and feasters to dance at Bosi's will. Scotch and English ballads record similar stories. Maurice Connor made the fish leap from the sea, and finally piped out the mermaid who stole his heart away; while the young piper, Mick, of Keightley's tale, had "one quare chune uv his own, the oddest that ever was hard; for the minnit he begun to play it everything in the house seemed dishposed to dance, an' people used even to fancy they felt the stools movin' frum' undher them." In a modern song by Grafstrom, priest of the parish of Umea, when Gusmar can no longer find food for his starving children, he plays his harp, and the little ones dance out their lives joyously under the charm of the music. A stringed instrument of deadly sweetness is often the possession of the Danish Elle-women who are fair of face when looked at from before, but from behind are "as hollow as a dough trough." Of potent harps one of the most interesting is undoubtedly that which the Runoia fashions in the "Kalewala," the national poems of the Finns. It is made from the bones of a huge fish, and only its maker can play upon it. But when he plays all living things crowd about him; the white birds flutter down like a storm of snow; the gold thread falls from the hands of the maidens of the sun and moon, who pause in their weaving; the Ancient of the Sea gives heed to it; the nymphs forget to ply their golden combs: everywhere there is stillness and joy, and men, maidens, children, even the harper himself weeps for gladness.

The materials of which the musical instruments are made are sometimes cited and occasionally influence the destinies of men. A young man of Nithsdale who once saw a fairy banquet, asserted that the fairy music proceeded from instruments formed from reeds and cornstalks—a statement which accords with the description of their music as cricket-music. The descriptions of fairy music, indeed, do not greatly differ from those given of spirit voices in many different parts of the world as resembling a low murmur, chirp or whistle. Thus the Algonquin Indians allege that the shadow souls of the dead chirp like crickets, and the classic word for ghost oratory is "twitter." The use of bones in the fashioning of instruments has given occasion for many musical folk-tales. One of the most familiar is that of the Singing Bone, in which a crafty elder brother and a brave younger brother go to slay a wild boar which has ravaged a certain district. The younger kills the boar, but the elder kills him and claims the reward, asserting that the boar had slain his brother. Years afterwards a shepherd finds a small white bone and makes a mouthpiece for his horn. But when he blows through it, the horn tells the ghastly story, and the murderer is sewn in a sack and drowned. In a similar tale from a Swiss source, a brother and sister go in search of a flower which is to bring the finder a kingdom. The girl finds it and is killed by her brother while she is sleeping; but a shepherd who finds a bone makes a flute of it,

which reveals the crime. The story is found even among the African Bechuanas, and there are Scandinavian, Polish, Servian, and Scotch stories agreeing with it in essential points. In the Scandinavian story two sisters are in love with a knight, and the elder of the two pushes her sister into the sea. The body is drifted to and fro over the waves till it is driven towards the prow of a boat in which are two pilgrims, who fashion from the maiden's arm a harp with her golden hair for strings. When they enter the house in which the elder sister's marriage is being celebrated, the strings murmur their story, and the bride's heart is broken as she passes to her chamber.

These, of course, by no means exhaust the types of musical treatment in myth. There are animals who turn musicians, as in the ass, hound, cat, and cock quartet which set out for Bremen to become town-musicians—a story in which may be traced a touch of sarcasm upon German bands. There are instruments in the Slavonic tales which are sleep-compelling, and which suggest the story of Al Farabi's piece of music played before Seisedoula, the Syrian Sultan, the first movement of which threw the court into fits of laughter, the next into tears, while the last lulled even the performers to sleep. In the German story of Ferdinand the Faithful there is a flute which enables its possessor to command the services of a fish. Last, but by no means least in point of interest, comes the vocal music of Wonderland, the wandering voices and songs of unimagined sweetness that woke in the wood-shadows and in moonlit glades, the marvellous music that stole away the souls of those who heard it and made them follow where it led, the Venus-motive of the Hörselberg and many a green Hill of the Elves. It is a long step from the rude music of the cave-men to that of Beethoven and Wagner, but the high conception and passionate love of it has probably undergone less recent development than we sometimes flatter ourselves it has.

Stanzas for Music.

X.—HEART-SPRING.

*O, would that the heart like a flower
Could blossom afresh every year,
That no deed of the past held its power,
The future no fear.
The crocus remembers no fall,
That sullied its purple and gold;
The daffodil banners are tall,
And proud as of old.*

*The primrose is innocent still,
Looking up with a baby surprise,
No memory troubles her will,
And no sorrow her eyes.*

*O, would that the heart had a spring,
All things to renew and restore;
That the soul as a song-bird might sing
Her song as of yore.*

H. BELLYSE BAIRDON.

LONG ago I was struck by the rarity of trills in Field's compositions—except slow ones; beats, rather. Field habitually practised the trill, with great industry, in a piano-forte establishment in London. One day a robust fellow entered, and leaning over an instrument, played a trill with such roundness and rapidity, standing meanwhile, that Field left the place, observing, that if such a fellow could trill finely, it was not worth his while to learn the trick. May we not recognise, in similar feelings, the deep sense of reverence with which men bend before things that are not to be imitated mechanically.—SCHUMANN.

The First Leonora.

MUSICAL history is one long illustration of the stimulus high executive power gives to the composer. Italian vocal schools yielded crop after crop of singers so capable in the mere mechanism of voice production that the exhibition of this became, if not the chief end of opera, certainly a great modifying power in the composer's choice of musical contents and form. Paganini's wholly exceptional technique originated a new era in violin playing; and composers were tempted to meet by their creative gift the new needs of ambitious executants. We have it from Liszt, moreover, that Paganini's playing gave him the impulse to that study and practice of the keyboard, which, as every one knows, resulted in an expansion of the sphere of musical expression, and brought into existence compositions, that before Liszt's day would have been condemned as unplayable. Here again high technical power acted upon the composer and reacted in the form of new difficulties to be surmounted. Another instance of this indebtedness of composer to artist is quoted afresh in Mr Dannreuther's recent article on Wagner. While Wagner's tendencies were still undecided, chance made him a spectator of a performance by Madame Wilhelmine Schroeder-Devrient; and her rare gifts suggested to him the intimate union of music and drama which he devoted his life to working out. Even in 1872 he acknowledged that her example had constantly been before him. "Whenever I conceived a character I saw her." But great as is this tribute to the power of Madame Schroeder-Devrient, there is another fully as eloquent to be found in the history of Beethoven's "Fidelio." With characteristic independence Beethoven framed his opera, regardless of conventional standards of execution and of taste. When pleaded with, he had but one answer—thus he had written it and thus it would be rendered. The unaccustomed ear of the public, and the unpractised and insufficient art of performers, combined to withhold appreciation of the work. Beethoven long despaired of finding a Leonora. He said there are singers in plenty, but not one for me. My Leonora need not shake, or break her neck with roulades; her beauty is of small importance, and she need not change her dress ten times; but besides her voice she must have one thing—heart. So he kept the score in his desk. The story runs that his importunate friends sent him many singers, only to be rejected one after another. At last there was brought to him a new singer, whose *début* formed the talk of Vienna—a young girl, the daughter of the great tragic actress Schroeder, known as the German Siddons. As Pamina, this girl of seventeen had charmed all hearts by her beautiful vocalisation, fine bearing, and natural dramatic power; and her capacity to transfigure characters under the influence of strong emotion, seemed to single her out as the ideal Leonora. The opera was rehearsed with many characteristic explosions on the part of the composer; and the final result was at once Madame Schroeder-Devrient's highest triumph, and the establishment of "Fidelio" among indubitably popular operas.

Madame Schroeder-Devrient's own account of the first representation is extremely interesting. She says, "When I was studying the character of Leonora at Vienna, I could not attain that which appeared to me the desired and natural expression at the moment when Leonora, throwing herself before her husband, holds out a pistol to the governor, with the words, 'Kill first his wife.' I studied and studied in vain, though I did all in my power to place myself mentally in the situation of Leonora. I had pictured to myself a situation, but I felt that it was incomplete, without knowing why or wherefore. Well the evening arrived; the audience

knows not with what feelings an artist, who enters seriously into a part, dresses for the representation. The nearer the moment approached the greater was my alarm. When it did arrive, and as I ought to have sung the ominous words and pointed the pistol at the Governor, I fell into such an utter tremor at the thought of not being perfect in my character, that my whole frame trembled, and I thought I should have fallen. Now only fancy how I felt when the whole house broke forth with enthusiastic shouts of applause, and what I thought when, after the curtain fell, I was told that this moment was the most effective and powerful of my whole representation! So, that which I could not attain with every effort of mind and imagination, was produced at this decisive moment by my unaffected terror and anxiety. This result, and the effect it had upon the public, taught me how to seize and comprehend the incident; and thus what at the first representation I had hit upon unconsciously, I adopted in full consciousness ever afterwards in this part."

Beethoven himself was present at this performance—one of the most memorable on record. "He sat behind the conductor, and had wrapped himself up so closely in the folds of his cloak that only his eyes could be seen flashing from it." To him, as to the public, the real Leonora had come for the first time; and his gratification was marked. He patted the singer's cheek, thanked her with unusual effusion, and promised to write an opera for her. That this promise was not kept is to be for ever deplored. "Rienzi," "The Flying Dutchman," and "Tannhäuser" may, however, be pointed to as works conceived, so far, with a view to her special gifts.

Madame Schroeder-Devrient's progress throughout Germany and into other lands was after that a continued triumph. She was recognised everywhere as the true exponent of the national opera founded by Weber, but she did not hesitate to attack the great Italian rôles and to contest the crown with Italian singers on their own stage. By general consent, the source of her power was not her voice, which had been imperfectly trained as compared with that of some of her distinguished contemporaries. Chorley says: "It was a strong soprano, not comparable in quality to some other German voices of its class, but with an inherent expressiveness of tone which made it more attractive on the stage than many a more faultless organ." This inherent expressiveness points to the dominating quality. It was dramatic earnestness—an instinct for perfectly fit and poetic utterance, and a thorough command of all the minor arts with which stage characters are built up. "A portion of her life was exhausted in every song." She had the sudden inspirations which, when they occur, and they are rare, transfigure character, and heighten both the poetry and music of an opera. At the same time, her art was shaped by high conscientiousness. She once wrote: "Art is an eternal race, and the artist is destroyed for art as soon as she entertains the delusion that she is at the goal. It were certainly comfortable to lay down the task with the costume, and let it rest until its turn comes round again in the répertoire. I have never been able to do this. How often, when the public have shouted approval and showered bouquets on me, have I retired in confusion, asking myself, 'Wilhelmine, what have you been doing?'—then there would be no peace for me but brooding the live-long days and nights until I had hit upon something better." Is it any wonder that an artist of this mettle should have realised Beethoven's great heroine for the composer?

Madame Schroeder-Devrient's overpowering sincerity and absorption in her rôle had illustrations from the comic side. She could not endure leaden acting, and was guilty of tickling the feet of a Giulietta in Bellini's opera when the actress would not rise to the requisite emotion. On the first performance of *Fidelio* in London, it is said that in the deeply tragic scene where "Fidelio" has to give Florestan a piece of bread which she has kept

hidden for him three days in the folds of her dress, the Florestan did not respond to the action—"Why don't you take it," said the actress, angrily, under her breath. "Do you want it buttered?" She is also said to have inspired her fellow-actors to a degree of realism dangerous to life and limb.

Recollections of Madame Schroeder-Devrient have been penned by the most eminent writers of Germany, and are of surpassing interest. Indeed it is hardly possible to open any account of dramatic music during the period, 1820-1860, without discovering testimonies to the energy and breadth of her style. Mendelssohn, Schumann, Berlioz, Wagner, have each eulogised the "Queen of Tears"; and though Beethoven's opera has had many exponents, there is a crowd of witnesses to the fact, that as yet there has been no peer of the first Leonora.

Fairies in the Orchestra.

Do people ever outgrow a belief in fairies? I think not. Age comes, sometimes bringing with it wisdom, sometimes leaving wisdom behind; but, however old or wise, we—that is, the well-regulated minds among us—preserve a faith efficient for the purposes of Christmas books and entertainments in the reality of the fairy world. There is no doubt in this an ancestral tendency. Somewhere hidden in us are the rudiments of that consciousness, which, in our Aryan forefathers, saw the beautiful and evil things of life as the manifestations of unseen personages. What to the early mind was part of the every day world has, however, become to us part of the world of imagination. Forgetting the innumerable petty cares of existence, forgetting that the storms of January are raging, and that the snow has chilled the very marrow of our social system, we can, if we know the way, enter the fairy realm, and straightway the sky is blue, the sun is shining, birds are singing, great trees extend their peaceful shade, and we are living in a land where all is blossom that never droops, sunshine that is never too fierce, summer that is never too long, and enjoyment that never palls. That is, if we know the way; and one way we ought all to know has Music for its portal. I am not sure that it is not the fairest and brightest way. Painting will leave on its finest realisation of the fairy world, some hues that are of our coarser earth; literature is a long path, and we meet many objects by the way that disturb the fancy. But Music, which is in itself purely ideal, wings us at once into the region of bodiless things. Instantly we see the light that never was on sea or land, we feel the breath of fadeless flowers, we hear the blowing of the horns of Elfland.

Yet this would be impossible to music, if the poet had not first seized and crystallised the legends of our race; and Oberon and Titania would never hold their court before us at the first soft chords of the wind instruments in the orchestra, if Shakespeare had not given us a vivid glimpse into the world they inhabit. Music can stimulate the imagination as no other art can, but the imagination must first have been fed by the poet. From the all-embracing Shakespeare, directly came the impulse to make music a means of entering a sphere where the foot of fancy never touches earth. In the year 1826 young Felix Mendelssohn, the child of a happy star, had his brain teeming with visions of the airy creatures of the "Midsummer Night's Dream," and happy melodies for them were constantly pursuing his ear. He was then living in a charming house in the Thiergarten at Berlin, taking that eager delight in the open air scenes and sounds of summer, which is possible to the fresh intellect and high spirits of sixteen. His sister Fanny, gifted like him with a sunny nature

and artistic impulses which the world did all to foster, was his companion and first auditor and critic. For a whole year he worked at his overture, extemporisng it in the intervals of university lectures and other pursuits; and as Ferdinand Hiller, his college friend, has said, "he certainly had not wasted his time." On the 19th of November 1826 the musical circle of the Mendelssohn family first heard the overture performed as a pianoforte duet, brother and sister playing. In February of the following year it became known to the public of Stettin at a concert there; and since then it has laid many audiences under a spell. Do you wonder at this when you hear the clarinets, flutes, and horns combining in that magic summons of the forces of Oberon and Titania? No sprite that ever was conceived could resist that call; and there they come in merry troops, while the violins are tripping as lightly as fairy feet on dewy petals. One does not need to be told that revel is the order of the night; these busy, crisp, delicious notes speak of gambols in the shade and music to which the flowers listen and dream. The dance keeps circling until, with the strength of the full orchestra, there enter the lovers Theseus and Hippolyta, bringing suggestions of war and the chase. These cross the scene, and again the elves are busy; horns give out goblin notes; the strings maintain their lively movement; and the clarinets sing as Lysander might to Hermia have "by moonlight at her window sung;" Puck breathes his mischievous spirit; while Bottom with asses-head speaks magniloquently in the bassoons. One can hear his asinine pride in the attentions of the doting queen. Graceful gaiety, effervescent spirits, and broad comedy sustain the "merry concert," till Oberon and Titania with their train enter the palace of the Duke to hold high carnival for his marriage. There song and dance proceed; the air of night is vocal, and tiny bells ring out at intervals; then the delicious sounds grow faint; they linger for a moment on the ear as if returning; but Puck hears the note of the lark, and once more we are in a world where seasons change and the heart of man is not always gay.

So ethereal a conception as this has been given to no other composer, and it was given to Mendelssohn but once. It is the product of the opulent fancy of youth when no note of sadness has entered into life's melody. The marvel is that it combines in such perfection the inspiration and buoyancy of sixteen with the artistic strength of the mature worker. A drier spirit would have failed to express the glamour and airiness of the subject; a looser handling would have allowed the fancies to escape into mist. It is a masterpiece from the pen of a tyro; or can it be that to Mendelssohn there came unawares the "good folk" to lead him gently but surely to success? While still under the spell of those softly dying chords that close the fairy scene, one thinks it must be so.

Violetta:

A ROMANCE OF THE MUSICAL LIFE.

THINK you might search the whole world over without finding another village so charming as that in which Violetta lived. It is situated a few miles from Vienna. On an eminence stands the church with ivy and roses clustering about its grey walls; little white-washed cottages, half hidden in leafage, look out modestly like pious worshippers towards its windows; and church and cottages lie in the peaceful guardian-ship of tall old chestnuts and limes.

Quite the prettiest cottage in the village was that of the Cantor. It was a perfect bower of roses, violets, tulips, and lilies, which were the joy of the old Cantor's life and the tender care of his daughter Violetta, herself the fairest flower of all. His wife had died when Violetta was but six years old, and it seemed as if the light of his life had gone out; but time gently lapped him round with healing

influences; and Music, the supreme comforter, was always seated as mistress of his heart.

One of his treasures, which had a sacred place in a corner of his room, was an old spinet. On this the Cantor discoursed with the mighty spirits of Bach and Händel, held melodious converse with the Italian masters, and lost himself in the flowery ways of the magic realm of tones.

To Violetta these communings did not always seem so pleasant as to her father; the spinet was sometimes a little harsh and the fingers of the Cantor had lost some of their agility, but when he played she sat working quietly and cheerfully and made no murmur of criticism. If the performer paused, as he often did, to look in a radiant way at his daughter and silently invite her to share his ecstasy, she smiled in reply, and sometimes rose to gently kiss his forehead. Then her father must tell her all he knew about the great musicians. Was it true that Sebastian Bach, the great ruler in the kingdom of sound, had worn an ugly wig, and was Meister Händel really so fond of snuff? She had painted for herself portraits of these musicians, and such details as these were not part of her ideal.

Violetta had however seen a great musician—"Papa Haydn" as the people loved to call him. Once the Cantor had taken her, while yet a child, to the Imperial city, where in a vast church she heard "The Seasons" sung. Her soul was almost overwhelmed with the vast waves of sound, yet never before had she experienced such deep emotions of joy. First she dreamt of "Spring" till "Summer" entered with its warmth and light; then the horn of the huntsman broke merrily on her ear, with the bright suggestions of "Autumn"; and when "Winter" approached she crept even closer to her father. The Cantor was, however, scarcely conscious of the existence of his child; he was lost in the music, and his eyes seemed as if they were plunged in a sea of happiness. When the strains of the last chorus had died away he took his child by the hand and silently hurried out of the church. A crowd of men and women, young and old, stood outside, surrounding a slight elderly man. "Papa Haydn" cried many voices. The composer had a kind look and word for all; smiles, and a gentle mirth irradiated his countenance. Violetta's father made his way into the throng, and before the composer had divined his intention, seized his hand, and in a voice choked with emotion, said, "Thanks, Papa Haydn." Haydn pressed the Cantor's hand, smiling kindly the while. Violetta had seen all this, yet every day she had to listen to the account of it from her father's fond memories. Like a great star, the event had illuminated his life. If I were to see him again—"My King," that is—I should die of happiness. It seemed as if my heart must burst when I held his glorious creating hand within mine.

One day Violetta was sitting in the garden, deep in the dreams of youth; her father was reading in the summer house, and the lime trees and roses blossomed all around. Suddenly a lively song was heard from the outside of the garden fence, and the bright genial face of a young man was seen over the hedge. He seemed travel-worn and carried a small portfolio and heavy stick; a small black hat surmounted a quantity of rather untidy hair, and on his shoulder there sat a tame starling.

"Dear maiden, let me in," entreated the stranger, and his blue eyes were more imploring than his words.

Without, however, awaiting any other reply than that given by Violetta's smile, he sprang over the hedge. This brought the old Cantor hastily on the scene. But Violetta broke into merry laughter; for in taking the leap the young man had dropped his portfolio; his music-paper and pencils were scattered in all directions; and the starling cried, "Misfortunes never come singly," and kept up a comment of Italian musical phrases.

The stranger extended his hand to the Cantor, saying: "Dear papa, I am only a young student

of music from Vienna, and I have been roaming about all day trying to steal melodies from the woodland singers; but my ambassador here, pointing to the starling, which regarded him with knowing eyes, "has deceived me, has eaten up my whole stock of bread, and frightened away the loveliest songsters with his chatter. I beg you, therefore, to resolve the everlasting, unbearable scales of a hungry appetite into a powerful Ess-dur."

The gay humour of the young man pleased the old Cantor; he invited him into the summer-house, while Violetta brought new bread, sumptuous milk and butter, cherries and strawberries. It was a treat to see how the stranger and his bird-friend ate and drank and talked; and when the young man made a joke, the starling played the part of a Greek chorus, punctuating his discourse with cries of "Figaro, attention! Figaro-ro-tention!"

Very soon the inmates of the little cottage were as familiar with their guest as if he had been an old friend; the old Cantor's heart, warmed to him, and he began to relate anecdotes of Meister Bach, to which the student listened eagerly. Then charmed out of his last remaining reserve, the old man revealed his most sacred memory, and told how Haydn had pressed his hand. The student heard all with a pleased and interested expression; then in his turn he related how Haydn had also been kind to him, and had even kissed him. The Cantor could scarcely credit this, although the statement was most emphatically vouched for by the starling.

Talking thus, it grew late, and the student rose to go. They took leave of each other by the light of the moon and stars.

"By what name shall we think of you?" inquired the old man.

"My name is Amadeus," was the answer, "and I shall very often come and see you."

"That is right," laughed the Cantor, as he shook his hand. "Come again, and you shall see my collection of music. It is a treasure, I assure you."

Violetta presented a handful of freshly-cut roses to the student; he kissed her for thanks, as softly as the butterfly touches the flower; while the starling piped a little strain of parting love and joyful return. And thus they departed; but the voices of the youth and bird uniting in a pleasant duet were heard by the Cantor and Violetta for some time, until all sound faded softly into the night.

At the end of four days the youth came again, springing over the hedge this time with every indication of vigour and good spirits. Violetta's face shone with gladness as she saw him, and she hardly noticed how unceremoniously he caught her in his arms and kissed her.

You may be sure the Cantor was delighted to renew his talk with the student. With an air of mystery he conducted him to a little room, where stood an old chest, evidently the store-house of much-prized things. Out of this the Cantor drew, to the astonishment of Amadeus, a collection of the greatest works of Sebastian, Bach, Händel, Palestrina, and Pergolese, along with some of Haydn's masses. The volumes were neatly bound and lettered in gold, with the name and birth-date of the composer. Amadeus turned the pages with manifest delight, and surprised the Cantor with his minute acquaintance with the contents of the various works. It was pleasant to note the clearness, sagacity, and sunny character of his comments upon them. More than surprised, the Cantor took off his cap, laid his hand on the student's shoulder, looked upon his face long and steadily, and said:

"You have a good heart, and with God's help will one day be a great musician." With much emotion he embraced him, a proceeding which moved the starling to call out, "Long live Sarastro."

Amadeus then played, and the ancient instrument spoke with unexpected fulness and depth under the charm of his fingers; melodies of enchanting beauty arose, and rich harmonies thrilled

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Violetta and her father to strange emotions. Then as the evening closed around them, they went out into the garden; Violetta and the student raced about like children, pelting each other with petals and inciting the starling to mad pranks. The student told Violetta that the starling had been trained by his mother, now dead, and that it was his inseparable companion by day. In the evening it perched upon his pillow, folded its head under its wing, and slept till sunrise.

The visits of Amadeus continued throughout the summer. Hardly a week passed that did not see him at the cottage, where he sang all kinds of melodies with Violetta, and talked about Sebastian and Haydn with her father.

On one occasion the Cantor said to him: "I should like much to hear something about this young Mozart whose fame is now spreading."

"Ah! I know him very well," said the young man, "as well as I know myself. Mozart is a gay, jolly fellow: in appearance I am considered to be not unlike him, but when he is holding the conductor's baton or the pen, he is, of course, much more serious. A child is not happier than Mozart: his soul is an ocean of melodious sounds; the world has been kind to him, and his heart is as merry as the day is long. He likes good wine and takes pleasure in a maiden's pretty face, and in woods and flowers; I do not think he has a single enemy. Mozart has a wife whom he dearly loves, and who is worthy of his love; only she is a little jealous, and that occasionally worries the wild spirit of the musician."

The Cantor heard all this in a half-jesting mood, and would have questioned Amadeus further, but the youth pleaded haste, and left the cottage before the usual hour.

"Don Juan," he said, "one of Mozart's operas, is to be played to-night, and I am eager to see what the public will think of it. You see I am a restless fellow; Mozart himself could not be more excited. To-morrow I will bring you the news."

He was certainly excited, he forgot not only to kiss Violetta, but even to take the bouquet she had made for him. The maiden was not in good spirits for the rest of the day, but whether this was caused by the neglected bouquet or the omitted kiss, I do not quite know.

It was late next day; the sun was sinking very low, and it seemed as if Amadeus had forgotten his promise. The old Cantor had established himself in his arm-chair, and was examining his musical treasures; Violetta was singing with less of buoyancy than usual, when a knock was heard at the window and a familiar voice begged admittance. Knowing the student's merry ways, Violetta had no hesitation in opening the window. He sprang into the room with his face radiant as a morning in May.

"Dear papa, Mozart has done his work well; 'Don Juan' is really not at all bad. Mozart sends his compliments to you, and something else which I shall bring you immediately. But first accept a little souvenir from me." He placed a little roll of music paper, neatly tied, in the hand of his old friend. It was an "Ave Verum." To Violetta he gave a small sheet of paper with the inscription, "To my Violet." It was a little song beginning—

A violet on the meadow bloomed.

The maiden thanked him with an exclamation of delight. As for the old man, his serious eyes followed every bar of the music; then going silently to his music-cabinet he placed the manuscript between the works of Bach and Händel.

"You know best what that means," he said to Amadeus, whose bright face quivered with emotion, which he tried in vain to suppress. His blue eyes filled with tears, and taking the old man's hand he exclaimed:

"Father, I am Mozart—the wild, jovial Mozart. Your simple esteem has given me deeper joy than the applause of the great world. I thank you; but now for another surprise."

First embracing the Cantor tenderly, he hurried

out of the room. Then after a moment or so he returned, and with him, Papa Haydn. "Long live Sarastro," cried the starling, who felt that the occasion demanded some high utterance.

From the eyes of the old Cantor there came a ray of delight, and his lips moved tremulously as he once more beheld his adored master. The emotion was too great for his feeble frame to bear.

"God bless you," said Haydn, stretching out the hand which the old man had not the strength to grasp; Mozart bent over him anxiously; and Violetta clasped his knees in terror. The body of the Cantor was stricken; earthly music had ceased for him; and his soul passed into the regions of eternal harmony.

Ah! that evening belongs now to a distant past. Papa Haydn has long joined the immortal choir; many seasons of spring flowers have bloomed and faded over Mozart's nameless grave. These and many other bright stars have sunk below the horizon, but the little village still lies in its placid beauty among the leafage; the scent of the lime trees is sweet as ever; and an aged woman, the once lovely Violetta—the still lovely Violetta, for her age has a beauty deeper than that of youth—lives in the little rose-crowned cottage. She never married, and now lives in dreams and memories. But if you visit her, you have only to ask about Mozart to bring the light to her eyes, and the flush of happiness to her cheek. She will discourse of him by the hour, and at last perhaps she will show you a little sheet of paper, yellow with age, on which a hasty hand has traced the words,

ELISE POLKO.

Dignor Ponchielli.

DIED AT MILAN, JANUARY 17, 1886.

SIGNORAMILCARE PONCHIELLI, whose death has to be recorded among the melancholy events of the month, enjoyed a considerable reputation in Italy and France as a writer of opera, though in England his work was but slightly known. He was born at Paderno Fasolaro, Cremona, on the 1st September 1834, and received his education at the Conservatorio of Milan. In his twenty-second year he produced, at Cremona, his first opera, "I Promessi Sposi," the subject being that of Manzoni's well-known tale. The work did not attract any wide notice, and the same limited success attended the production of other three operas composed between the years 1861 and 1867. The opportunity which his talent needed came to him in 1872 at the opening of a new theatre in Milan, when his "Promessi Sposi" was accepted. He revised the whole contents of the opera, removing many youthful crudities; and when played in its new form it took rank as a successful work, the author of which would, from the managerial standpoint, be worth encouraging. A commission came to him at once from the managers of "La Scala," and he wrote a ballet, "Le due Gemelle," which was received with extraordinary enthusiasm. From 1873 his career has been that of a popular composer, and his productivity has not been slight. In England, Ponchielli is known chiefly by the ballet music from "Giacinta," which has been given by Mr Manns at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere. This ballet is the "Dance of the Hours" from the third act of the opera, and is spirited, tuneful work, not wanting in refinement, while containing clevernesses of instrumentation, interesting in a musically sense. At Paris, where it was played by the Italian orchestra at the Trocadero, under Signor Faccio, the ballet had a more than cordial reception. Italians were accustomed to speak of Ponchielli as the successor of Verdi—a characterisation just in the main, although he was hardly so consistently serious in his purpose as the elder musician.

St. Cecilia.

By the Author of "Venetia's Lovers," &c.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"It is the bright day that brings forth the adler."

"Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves."

EVERYONE who has lived beyond boy and girlhood knows how dangerous a thing is a surprise; how seldom the pleasure it is meant to be, how often a stale and unprofitable delusion. When Hugh Jardine charged Susan and Liddy not to mention his visit to Poppendorf in their letters, Susan's finer instinct told her he was wrong. But Hugh, being masterful, took his own way. If he expected to find Cecilia filling the dingy room in the Engelgasse with her Raphael-like outpourings, he was doomed to speedy disillusionment. As he opened the low door of the shop when, as it seemed to him, no purchaser had entered since he left it, he found it empty; but a mighty odour of sausage, the hiss of the frying pan, and the babble of high-pitched voices came out to meet him in a powerful wave. The Engelgasse was peacefully eating its *Abendessen*, and the only music was the chatter of tongues.

He went up unheard to Cecilia's room, but the door stood wide; she, too, had flown. He took good note of the apartment—there was more music than before, neatly piled, but everything else was the same, except that a pot of primroses replaced the hyacinth of his last visit. Hugh felt murmurously inclined. He had made, perhaps, a picture of a singing Madonna to whom an earthly lover comes—impetuous love the conqueror, of course, and here were blank walls staring at him.

Going down again to astonish the supper party with inquiries, he met a shabby figure in worn and shiny garments, stuffing a MS. score into a torn pocket with one hand, and with the other a last round of *Blutwurst* into his big mouth.

"Do you happen to know where Miss Cecilia Raeburn may be found?" Hugh asked, recognising this member of a fiddling community by instinct.

"Ya, woh," cried Adler the willing. "She is at the villa with the most gracious the sister of the Herr Baron von Winterfeld."

"The lady with whom she reads English?"

"The same," said Adler, looking rather queer.

"I know the way, thanks," said Hugh, cutting short the elaborate explanations on which the other had embarked. "If she comes home soon, will you be good enough to tell her her cousin was here to see her?" He presented his card, which Adler took with a greasy finger and thumb, bolting the last morsel of sausage as he gazed after Hugh with big eyes.

"Aber, um Gotteswillen! here is a nice kettle of fish!" said Adler the goodhearted, much perplexed and vaguely troubled by the commanding air of this young Englishman.

Hugh went his way with a high head, along the path by the river where day's dying splendours were strewn. He hardly had any conceived plan or purpose except to see Cecilia as soon as possible. He remembered the beautiful "tulip-woman" who was now Cecilia's friend, and he felt that to see her again would be not unpleasant. But Cis first, and after her the little girl—the dear little household Charlotte over there across the Rhine, whose last charming and naive letter he carried now in his pocket not so very far from his heart. He was not more conceited than others, and he had no wish to be false when he felt that this meeting, too, would be a pleasure. All things helped to build up a general exquisiteness that surrounded this young knight going forth to conquer.

But all this time fate was walking to meet him—fate who is sometimes so cruel and relentless, or else so sardonically humorous at our expense. Fate took the shape of Mina Kleiner, a most inno-

cent-looking little figure, no longer mourning but in becoming blue as pale as her eyes—the colour that Catholic maidens wear who are devout. Mina had crossed the Rhine by an upper ferry, as she often did, and was going to town to buy a pair of blue shoes to match her gown. The surprise Hugh had meant for another had turned upon himself like an avenging Nemesis. The rose-red flooded Mina's cheeks; it was quite a genuine agitation that fluttered her small heart and produced all those pretty blushes. She had always secretly dreamed that the *schröner Engländer* would come back some day—but to meet her here and alone, as if he had sprung out of the earth at her feet—!

Some of her emotion and embarrassment communicated itself subtly to Hugh; he was a little more glad than he had purposed to be at the meeting, and how shy and pretty she looked with the pale blue frock, and the red cheeks and downcast eyes! Here was a young man going to meet his love—what right had he to be so brotherly—was it?—well, so affectionate in his greeting, since it is the wrong young lady who trips towards him?

"I didn't know you were coming," she said, looking at him shyly from under her light lashes.

"I didn't know myself till the other day," he answered. "I kept it for a surprise. You are not very sorry to see me, I hope?"

Mina somehow let him know that she was not very sorry. She even consented to turn and walk with him a little way by the quiet river path.

"Of course you are going to the villa?" she said. "As for me, I was only going to buy a pair of shoes." She thrust out a little foot, and Hugh thought how small it was, and what a very little pair of shoes would fit it.

"Of course I am going to the villa since my cousin is there," he said; "and you will show me the way?" As if he had not assured Adler that he knew it.

"Oh, you will soon learn the way," said Mina innocently, "because your cousin is always there. She will be charmed, quite charmed, to see you."

"I hope so," said Hugh, wondering what made Mina's low voice so suddenly shrill.

"Is it to be a surprise for her too?" she asked. "Oh, how nice! It will be such a surprise. I daresay she is not even thinking of you at this moment. You will go in, will you not? The villa is beautiful, they say. You will see Fräulein von Winterfeld. She is a great belle, though some people prefer the English young lady, your cousin. Oh, Fräulein Raeburn is much talked about; everyone speaks of her."

"You and she are great friends, aren't you?" said Hugh, feeling as if he had somehow felt a little stab though he could not have said just where.

"Oh, Fräulein Cäcilie hasn't time for friendship with a poor little thing like me," said Mina with pathos. "How could you expect it—such a great favourite of the Herr Director's and of all the gentlemen in the Engelgasse—and most of all of the Herr Baron's. They say the Baron can't sleep unless she has sung to him. *Na!* it must be fine to have a genius like that, and to have all the men admiring you!"

"That picture doesn't fit my cousin," said Hugh laughing, but without heartiness. "She is a saint whom it is difficult to approach. St Cecily is a very noble lady."

"But I thought the saints always had lovers," cried Mina with an innocent air.

"Lovers who had to content themselves with worship from a distance, then." They were now passing under the walls of the villa; hawthorn petals drifted down to them, laburnum dropped its gold rain: somewhere within that jealous garden Cecilia was, and her own true lover—was he to be shut out?

"Look," said Mina suddenly, "the little river gate is open. Do you see those steps? They lead up to the terrace—a broad walk where the Baron has had all sorts of strange foreign trees planted.

If you were to go up there now and stand behind one of those broad leaved plants you could see right into the music room. It is just the hour when they say your cousin always sings to the Herr Baron."

"To Fräulein von Winterfeld, you mean?" said Hugh, thinking what a very innocent little girl this was. The innocent little girl shrugged her small shoulders.

"She is less musician than I am. She hates it because her brother cares for it."

He laughed. "That's quite a woman's reason," he said.

"She is handsome enough to do without reason," said Mina, pouting. "You will like her—won't you go up and see her as well as the cousin?"

"I think not."

"Ah, you are afraid of Fräulein Cäcilie! You think, perhaps, she would not like you to see her singing to the Baron."

"I think the most straightforward plan," said Hugh biting his lip—was not Mina's innocence a little trying?—"would be to send in my card and be admitted by the legitimate way, or better still, to wait with patience till Cis comes home. If you would allow me to walk with you to the entrance of the town, perhaps, Fräulein Kleiner—"

"Oh, just as you like," said Mina with a toss of her head. "I thought you would like to hear your cousin singing and to have a peep of her, that was all."

Hugh paused irresolute. He did not love underhand ways, and this playing of the spy was distasteful to him, and then there flashed into his mind his companion's words, "You are afraid of Cecilia." Why should he be afraid of her? With a quick decision and a lifting up of his head to match he turned to her. "If you don't mind waiting one minute I think I will go. It is a great temptation—it will be such fun to tell Cis afterwards."

"Oh, I don't mind," laughed Mina, spreading a paper she carried on the lowest step and arranging her blue draperies round her as she sat. Hugh went up the rocky steps, little thinking that it was the serpent who had been beguiling him to enter this forbidden garden. Had he deserved to be punished as he was? Would the knowledge of his coming have made any difference—have prevented, perhaps, this vow of friendship that he saw sealed with a handclasp under his amazed, indignant eyes? He saw Cecilia—the old Cis, but with a new and pathetic dignity about the brow and mouth, and that look of stirred compassion and angel pity on her face that it was so easy to mistake for more than it meant—the blood rioted about his heart—his temples throbbed till they seemed ready to burst: a pain that was almost physical in its keen assault shot through him. He would have cried out aloud but his voice failed him. Then he heard a movement—a step somewhere far off, and saw a gleam of red between the trees, and as in a dream he turned to go; he remembered that he was without title to be where he was—without right even to see Cis give herself to another.

He had forgotten Mina Kleiner wholly when he stumbled down the steps once more, but the sight of her pale, carefully spread blue was the final shock that completed his awakening. He pulled himself together with an effort. His most conscious desire was to hide the blow just dealt to him. Mina looked up with a something sharp behind the mildness of her glance.

"Did you see the pretty cousin?" she asked gaily. "Did you hear her sing? Last time I came by the ferry I stopped and listened. I could hear her voice from here. It is fine to have a voice that sounds so far as this."

"What did she sing?" he asked, feeling that at any cost he must talk. He walked quickly, and Mina had to take little running steps to keep up with him. She looked at him once or twice with sidelong curiosity. At his question she laughed.

"She sang one of Schumann's songs—

Herrje! but she put fire and passion into it! Don't you think, Herr Jardine, that it was a strange song to sing to one who is hunchbacked—all twisted and sickly? But then, people's tastes are so different, and the Baron is rich, and one would like to sing one's best to him—*naturlich*."

"Tastes are different as you say, Fräulein," he responded with an awful sombreness, "and if one is rich, that is enough for most of you. Are you all alike, you women? What is the song, let me see."

Er der Herrlichste von Allen,
Wie so milde, wie so gut,
Hölle Lippen, Klares Auge,
Heller Sinn und fester Muth.

As he thought of the picture he had seen that night—the worn face, the bent form, the divine helpfulness of Cecilia's look, a sense of irrepressible disgust and rage took hold of him. For a moment he almost hated Cis because of that very pity that should have raised her to high places in his thoughts. It seemed to him a horrible waste that she should give—a shameful claim that he should make on her generosity. O, unstable heart of man. If it had been a woman over whom Cis bent, would he not have found something noble and beautiful in her charity to a suffering sister?

Of a sudden he pulled himself up in his impetuous walk. "I am racing you off your feet—poor little feet," he said to his panting companion, "and here we are in the town, and you will not care to have so grim a companion stalking beside you. I expected a welcome, you see, Fräulein Mina—and a welcome at the end of a long journey, and I have got—what instead?"

"Someone, at least, was glad to see you," said Miss Mina, hanging her head and bringing out all those blushes again. "It's a very poor little welcome, of course, but it's a true one."

"Yes," cried Hugh, "you are not changed, you have not forgotten me all these months."

Mina gave him a look out of those pale eyes that said very eloquently she had forgotten nothing. She was his poor, humble little friend, ready, if others disappointed him, to minister her meek consolations. What man was ever proof against such sweet flattery? Was it any wonder that Hugh should change his purpose, and all at once think it needful to protect his timid little comrade through the streets? He accommodated his big strides to suit her short steps, almost his sore heart was eased as he listened to her gay chatter. At least he thought so till a sudden pang woke all its pain again.

Cis came home by the same way this pair had taken, and not much later than they. But nothing warned her of any surprise lying in wait: her mind was bent hoveringly indeed on the events of the evening—on that vow, so easily made, so hard, possibly, to keep in all faithfulness and truth. Adler came stumbling down the dark stair to meet her, eager, perhaps, to get his message over. He was glad it was dark on the ill-lighted stairs, the masterful young gentleman who called himself the Fräulein's cousin had set fire to a very large train of wonders and surmises in the poor musician's mind.

"My cousin Hugh here!" Cis cried, and there was wonder and relief and gladness in her voice. Hugh, dear old friend and adviser, would not the very sight of him reconcile her to everything? She flew upstairs and into her room. "Where is he?" she cried disappointed. "I thought you said he was here," she interrupted Adler's blundering explanations. "He might have waited, don't you think? And now it is I, I suppose, who must wait his sovereign pleasure, for see, he has left no address on his card." She laughed so gaily that Adler was struck dumb. Then perhaps it was the masterful *Engländer* after all, and if so, what became of all the gossip about the Baron at the villa? "You are thinking that I am foolishly glad to see him," she said, smiling at Adler's blank expression, "but you see it is a face from home, and when one

is far away and things are difficult; it is good to see an old, tried friend."

"I am glad if you are glad, Fräulein," said the simple Adler, but he did not look very joyful as he went up to his garret. For had he not seen the *Engländer* and that sly little Mina walking together, and what did that mean, and what, if you please, did many other things mean?

XXX.

ALL next morning a heart beat flutteringly in the old house in the Engelgasse. Every step on the creaking stair—and many feet came and went there—sent the roses flushing up in a certain cheek. It was only Cousin Hugh who was coming. Nothing could be more innocent than the way in which Cecilia told Frau Ehlers of this expected visitor. Hans, too, when he showed his morning face at the door, was commanded to rejoice with his dearest Fräulein. Since it was only Cousin Hugh, why all this flutter of expectation? Why did Cecilia, who had been so cold over that proposal of Adelheid's about a costume which the Baron was to invent for her, turn over all her poor little stock of gowns, choose this ribbon and reject that, remembering that Hugh liked blue and not pink? Why was Frau Ehlers entreated and coaxed to have out the best coffee cups, and to order the biggest cake that the confectioner could produce on so short notice? The good Frau was for having Cecilia employ the *Friseuseinn*, and come out from this artist's hands wearing a tower of plaits and curls and puffs; but Cis shook her red locks and twisted them up in a way she remembered, wearing them at home—a copy, indeed, of a certain picture by a Venetian master, which some one had once admired.

It was a brilliant morning, but nothing would induce Cecilia to step out into the brightness that bathed the world outside the shadow of the Engelgasse. Hans burst in to say that a great singer, a name famous all over Europe, was passing through the town, and was to descend at the Stern for lunch. Crowds were already gathered to have a glimpse of her as she stepped out of her carriage. Hans had his little modest nosegay of flowers to throw at her feet. "Wouldn't Fraulein Cäcilie come too?" "Not to-day," said Cecilia, very firmly. "You forget, Hans, my cousin is here. He has overslept himself, lazy boy, but any minute may bring him." "You might be back before he wakes up," Hans suggested. But she waved him off.

"Not for all the singers in the world would I miss him," she said. "It's a bit of *home* Hugh is bringing me."

An emissary from the villa fared no better. A gorgeous footman brought a note: "Quick! Cecilia must come at once and help to issue the invitations. Gustav had been telegraphed for, and the ball was to take place in a week."

Cecilia was quite high and mighty with the big footman. "Tell your mistress I am engaged, and cannot come," she said, with an air of having been used to golden lackeys all her life.

The big German Thomas had to tramp all the dusty way from the villa a second time with no better result. Adelheid's message on this occasion was humble and entreating; but Cecilia was even more firm in declining to go.

It was past noon now. "Leave the house when another second may bring his step to the door? No, indeed!" Over and over again she told herself that he had slept late—that a hundred things had detained him. Why did her heart grow sick over the poor little excuses? Was it Mina he had gone to? Could he be so cruel as this? She could not believe it of him. On some flimsy pretext she despatched Hans to the modest inn where Master Hugh had lodged before. The Englishman had not been heard of there. Hans came back with a hanging head. Very likely he could have told where the Englishman was; but who could have

the heart to break the tidings to his dearest Fräulein?

"Of course he would not go there, to that miserable little inn," she said, looking quite defiantly at Hans. "It was absurd of you to think it. He is an Oxford man, and would go to the best hotel, naturally. And in those big hotels they often keep you waiting shamefully for a meal."

"No doubt," said Hans, quite meekly, slinking out of the room. "Shall I go to the Royal Hotel, Fräulein?" he asked at the door.

"Of course not," she flashed round on him. "Why, do you imagine I am afraid of my cousin, or that I want to spy his movements? I didn't think it of you, Hans. Of course he will come when he is rested. You forget what a long journey it is."

Hans went away quite crestfallen. He had never seen his dearest young lady so disturbed, so irritable. He climbed up to the garret and marched in on Adler lying on his dingy pillows, half-dressed, and puffing great volumes of smoke out of his long pipe.

"Not up yet, lazy bones?" cried Hans, looking round the untidy room.

"Not up, indeed!" growled Adler. "Haven't I given two good *stunden*, while you, I'll wager, have been dancing about the town after this foreign singing woman?"

"Dancing! Yes," said Hans, seating himself at the foot of the bed; "looking carefully for an Englishman in every corner where I knew he couldn't be."

Adler sat up in bed, and took two or three long pulls at his pipe. The unkempt, unwashed Adler had a dark frown on his simple face. "I could have told you where not to look," he said. "Of course you went to the *Allee*. You never dreamed of the Rhine-walk, *naturlich*, where it is so quiet that two people can walk undisturbed and talk out all their secrets."

"Donnerwetter!" cried Hans. "You don't mean to say that little serpent Mina—"

"Serpent! yes," growled Adler. "Wasn't it enough for her to break Franz Huber's heart and send him to destruction?" Adler referred to a former passage in Mina's history evidently well known to them both—"but she must needs meddle with this fool of an Englishman too."

"And the poor Fräulein fretting out her life waiting for him below," said Hans with anger and sorrow in his blue eyes. "If I could meet that Englishman, I'd break every bone in his body."

"If he did not more likely break yours. In the noble art of boxing the English are our masters, mein lieber. We can afford to let them excel us in this savagery, since in all else we are superior. Take my advice, Bruder Hans, and meddle not in a lovers' quarrel. It is but the kicks you will get for your share. Hand me the *takab* and draw down the blind. After two such *stunden* as I have given this morning, I have earned a little repose."

Hans did as was bid, and went off himself to rehearsal, or some such engagement. He was prudent enough to take good advice when it was given him, though his heart was sore on Cis's account. "That Mina!" Hans, I fear, used a great deal of bad language in his heart towards this young lady.

The bright day was merging into afternoon, and still the blank row of coffee cups and the big cake stared at Cis seated alone. Hans and the other *musikers* were to have shared the little feast, but they kept away. The old house was very still on this day. Adler did not play as usual, sending beautiful roulades from his garret; the good Adler could do nothing for Cecilia but keep quiet. It was all peaceful about her, but though the day was serene and bright her heart was cold—too cold and numb to feel its own ache.

Why had Hugh been so unmanly as to keep away—to bruise her love by his neglect? If he had anything to accuse her of, was it not more honest

to go with his complaint, with his jealousy, his suspicions, straight to her? Why did he not go? Because in the morning after a restless night when he was setting out for the Engelgasse, and had come down from the hotel garden to the quiet walk by the river, whom should he meet but the little Mina of the night before—oh, so surprised, so blushing and bashful, so shy at meeting him again?

Mina had not bought those little shoes last evening. "Perhaps Herr Jardine might remember that they had lingered so long that the shop was shut."

Yes, Herr Jardine remembered. "And you are going to buy them now, Miss Mina?"

"Yes," nodded Mina, "there is a whisper that the Herr Baron is going to give a great ball to all the town's people, and one must be ready, of course. Some people said it was a ball of congratulation, but then, people said anything!"

"Of congratulation?" Hugh questioned with a stern brow.

"Oh, dear, very likely it is all pure gossip. People will talk so!" cried Mina, a little inwardly frightened. "There is a rumour that Fräulein von Winterfeld is going to be married to her cousin, and—"

"And possibly there are rumours about the Baron and his intentions too?" he added, with a savage composure that still further alarmed his companion.

"Possibly," she admitted, "but then, so many rumours never come to anything. But the ball was at least a certainty one might count on. So I must get my shoes without delay," she added gaily. "It is my one extravagance. I can't afford such a lovely gown, for instance, as that the Herr Baron gave Fräulein Cäcilie for the concert, but then, I am a poor little creature, not like the beautiful Miss Raeburn. You were going to see her, Mr Jardine? I'm quite afraid I detain you. Oh, please never mind me: I'm used to going about alone with nobody to take care of me."

But Hugh declared with an odd laugh that there was no haste—none in the world. "And since it was my fault last night, you must give me the pleasure of purchasing the slippers, Fräulein; indeed you must," he protested, "and perhaps when you wear them, you will honour me with a waltz at the ball?"

Mina's faint hesitations were very quickly silenced. When the shoes were bought there was something else to be chosen; then they must needs lunch together. Mina's pale eyes had an odd light in them, and she made the demurest little curtseys to her staring acquaintances. When Adler and Hans went by she vouchsafed them quite a magnificent bend. Perhaps the captive she carried about in her train was not quite a pleasant companion. Perhaps he was sometimes almost rude; then by fits strangely gentle, then again boisterously gay. And yet Mina was always urging him to leave her.

"Don't mind poor little me," she said with great humility. "I am afraid the cousin will scold dreadfully if you don't go. She will think it is all my fault. She doesn't like me; she never did like me!" cried the girl plaintively. "Oh, Mr Jardine, why should she hate me so?" She lit her pale eyes to his with quite a pathetic meekness in them.

"Hate you! my poor child," said Hans quite tenderly. "Ah, she is sadly changed to all of us."

"Not to you!" cried Mina, "oh, not to you. She always speaks of you as the kindest brother and friend. Indeed, sir, you had better go to her, or she will have a right to be displeased."

"Let us too go to this dear sister of mine then," he cried. "To be sure a brother ought to go and see his sister. You will go with me, Fräulein Mina, and help me to congratulate the future Baroness!"

But Mina, who did not understand sarcasm in another, shrank away very decidedly from this proposal.

"Indeed I must go home," she said, "our ways lie together as far as the Hofgarten and after that I must go back to my stupid little home and my *liebe mama*. And I thank you, sir, for such a happy day!"

It was while the two were taking a farewell that was almost affectionate, that a lady came towards them under the fluttering green trees of the Hofgarten. Towards evening Cis had put on her hat and set out to obey a last summons from the villa. Her excuses for delay had all died long ago in her own heart. Her face was so pale and wore so strange a look that Hans dropped his eyes when he met her on the stair, and Frau Ehlers, who had rushed out to console and mourn and conjecture, as she had done a dozen times that day, fell silent at sight of her. So without a word, with only a deep wound in her heart, Cecilia walked forth to seek the consolation of friendship at the villa. Had she not heard a whisper that day—outside her door, was it, open to welcome Hugh?—a whisper that sealed her hopes. So it was that she came quite calm, proud, and silent up to the two saying good-bye under the trees. Was it necessary that Hugh should hold Fräulein Kleiner's hand so long—that she should have so many grateful things to say?

She was the first to see Cecilia, and she withdrew her hand quickly. "Here is your cousin," she said in a frightened voice, but she dropped Cis quite a composed little curtsey. "You think I kept your cousin, and you were very right," her eyes said, but her words were quite humble.

"Here is Miss Raeburn, how fortunate!" she cried, "I was just telling Mr Jardine he really ought to go and see you, and you come to meet him. You must have a great deal to say to each other, and I will not interrupt you. Herr Jardine has wasted too much time on me already. No, indeed, dear friend," she waved him aside as he took a step forward, "I cannot keep you from your cousin another moment; she has doubtless much to tell you," and with another sweeping bend of her small person she ran off, and was presently lost to sight under the trees.

"It would appear that I am the last to be told what all the world has known for some time," said Hugh, in a voice in which anger and pride and the old struggling love were blended.

"What all the world knows I do not even pretend to guess at," she said with a kind of calm scorn in her voice; "what I do know is that my cousin Hugh, whom I trusted as a—dearest brother, has forsaken me when I most needed him. Oh, Hugh," she broke down mournfully, "to think that you could fail me!"

"I suppose, my cousin," said Hugh, very lofty and scornful, "you expected me to present myself this morning with my humble congratulations on your—fine prospects. It was only last evening that I heard the news."

"Congratulations!" she echoed, looking up very pale and bewildered, and then reading the anger in his eyes, her pride took fire again. "Indeed it is I who have to congratulate you, it would seem—you and Miss Kleiner too, on the excellent use she has made of her time. I am afraid I interrupted you and Fräulein Kleiner at an inconvenient moment, but since I can wish you every happiness, in a word, cousin Hugh, I will not keep you longer from following her."

Hugh burst out into language that need not be repeated here; some of it, perhaps, would not have pleased Miss Mina if she could have heard it.

"Good Heavens!" he cried, "how spiteful you women can be towards each other! Because that little girl shows me a friendship and a guileless confidence—"

"Guileless!" cried Cis.

"And a guileless confidence, I say, and a constant gratitude for the little I did for her brother, you must needs impute the meanest motives to her! Is it that you would hide your own secret from me by making out that I have one too? You cannot, Cis. I saw that last night—not meant for me to

see perhaps—but that told me all too plainly what has been confirmed on every side to-day."

"Whatever you saw last night," she said, with a grave anger in her eyes, "you saw nothing that I am ashamed to remember. Was it you who stole into the garden when I was with Herr von Winterfeld? Was it in that way—surely not the most honest—that you got this wonderful enlightenment?"

"It may not have been the most honest," he retorted, stung by the deserved reproach, "but it was at least most effectual in opening my eyes. If you had told me that you had sold yourself for wealth, for position to that—that wreck—that mere name of a man, I should have disbelieved you, but I saw you hold his hand—I saw his lips touch your fingers; as if that were not enough I heard you say, 'It is a vow.' His voice shook and was hoarse as he uttered the words.

"You saw me promise my help and friendship, my best gratitude, to one who has been sorely wronged, who has suffered such suffering as you can never dream of, who has been my kindest, truest, most faithful friend in this strange land. Have you no pity? Could you look on that suffering face and feel no stirred compassion in your heart?"

"And yet they tell me you propose to carry your compassion the length of marriage! You have given him some of the privileges of a husband already. You wear dress of his choosing, for which his money has paid. You will give your life to this living corpse! There are women, I know, who would do it, but I did not hold my cousin Cecilia one of these. No doubt I did not reckon on the charms of his wealth, and he will not long live to be a burden to his Baroness!"

"You have no right to taunt me so," she said coldly, "but your words fail to sting, because they accuse one who is not guilty. I have already told you all that there is to tell; once on a time you believed my word. As for the world and its talk, you will find by to-morrow that it has married you to Mina Kleiner. And indeed, though I think she has very little heart, you have got perhaps all of it that there is to give, and I hope that you will find it enough to make you happy, cousin Hugh."

What need is there to follow this quarrel any longer? Lovers' differences are the same in all time: does not Milton make our first parents fall out and indulge in recrimination much as their latest descendants do to-day? Each heart was full of anger and wounded love: each would have it that the other preferred someone else. But as she was turning away, Hugh broke down suddenly, his love stronger than his anger.

"Oh, Cis," he said, "can't you understand—can't you make allowance? You know that I have never had a thought of any one but you. Every day, every hour since we parted it has been you only. Did I not come across the sea for nothing but to see you—to lay the love of my life at your feet? What cursed spite has come between us!"

If he had gone to her in the morning brightness, might she not have yielded? Her heart was full of joy then, but now its gladness was all dead. How could she believe in him when he had so little faith in her. There was only sorrow and no answering love in her eyes as she lifted them to his.

"If it is friendship,—nothing but friendship as you say,—then, Cis, is there still hope for me?"

"A year and more ago," she said, "you asked me if I would tell you if my art was enough to satisfy all my needs. I have not found it fail me: it has been my dear consolation when—when other things and people have disappointed. Ah, Hugh, there is no jealousy, no mistrust, no coldness and unrest in music."

"Is it still this music, then, that is my rival?" said the young man, looking very white and stern.

"Do you send me away with this for my answer?"

"I do not send you away," she said hanging her head. "I thought once—perhaps—but not now. I cannot give up my art."

"Was her love dead?" she asked herself as she

walked sadly away. "Had he killed it or—had it never had any life at all? Even if it had ever lived it was now all dead, ended—buried out of sight! And there were music and friendship left. Surely these were enough?"

DELHEID did not rest in her preparations for the ball: the occupation afforded

an excitement that was delightful to her. Women love action just as men do, and stagnation is no more palatable to some of them than it is to their brothers.

Captain Gustav was summoned instantly from Berlin, and arrived obediently; his sluggish pulses were stirred by the young lady's energy; Adelheid and he for ever laid their heads together: who so good a master of ceremonies as the soldier who had danced at so many court balls—who better than this warrior cousin could arrange the flag quadrilles which were enthusiastically adopted as part of the night's diversion? Cis was being perpetually summoned to the villa, and arrived, perhaps, to find the demure English maid with one or two German subordinates stitching at gay, mysterious garments, while Adelheid and her Captain were busy consulting the very latest authority in the library; Adelheid's finger on the page, and the soldier's broad palm not far from it.

Adelheid always received her with a kindest welcome, but there was never anything for Cis to do in the library.

"Go and amuse Friedemann," his sister would say with a hint of command in her voice: "you can do that better than I. You will find him waiting for you with piles of national airs for you to try over. You are our St Cecily—the patron lady of our music. Gustav, take Fräulein Cecily to the music-room."

The big soldier would obey dumbly. Cis never found anything to say to him, but if Adelheid had commanded him to cut off his head, he would at least have had an impulse to do her will.

It was there in the music-room that Cis found her niche; the corner she was expected to occupy—here where friendship had been vowed. She accepted the rôle Adelheid laid on her very quietly, with a faint pleasure in being able to give pleasure.

All her interests now centred themselves in this narrow circle, environed by everything that spoke of peace and quiet rest. She shrank once again from the world outside, where any turn of the road might reveal Mina Kleiner, with her artless air and her little stabs dealt so innocently. Cis had come to be a great coward under the lash of this young girl's tongue, and shrank from her sarcasms as much as if she deserved them. Hugh still lingered, apparently because he could not make up his mind to go away, and came now and then to see her, but their intercourse was chill and changed. She hardly dared ask about Liddy's marriage or the news from home. Once he tried to plead passionately again on his own behalf, but she checked him with a word.

"Don't begin again; I can't bear it; I have no new answer to give you."

After that she would scarcely wonder that he went back to Mina and dawdled at the side of that sly charmer, and that the world of coffee-drinkers presently settled a marriage between the two, for all that Mina's conduct was generally condemned.

It might be English custom—and in this Miss Raeburn had set a pernicious example, but no good German girl would have run so after her lover.

Cis tried to listen as little as she could. In singing to the Baron she was lifted into a purer and better world, where for a while baser cares might be forgotten. After that first moved moment when her heart went out in pity and friendship, there was no more handclasping—no more vows. But she sang freely now, giving of her best, and oftener with a fine intuition chose the songs to

sing, and the Baron spoke as if in her he had found a new sister. "This affair of the flags is a matter of time," he said. "Is Adelheid so difficult to convince?"

"I don't think Herr von Gramm is trying to convince her."

"Perhaps it is the other way. I am afraid our Hercules, like other famous warriors we could name, is under feminine dominion."

"Obedience must be easy when so beautiful a lady commands," said Cis, trying to speak lightly, but she could not banish the sadness from her face, and the Baron's eye read it there.

"Something troubles you?" he said, gently.

"Yes," said Cis, simply.

"May I not ask what it is?"

"I am afraid you cannot help me, and that, I know, is what you would like to do."

"But it might help you, perhaps, to tell it to a friend? Half the load vanishes sometimes when it is reduced to words."

"There is little to tell. I have a cousin—a dear cousin and brother—he brought me here; he is here now. And I fear?"—she believed herself to be speaking the whole truth—"I fear he will take a step that he will repent; that he will be hurried into action that will bring suffering. One may pardonably be a little anxious at the turning-point of a dear friend's life."

"Yes, indeed. And you know of no means to avert this misfortune?"

"None that I can use," she answered, very low.

"He will not listen to your persuasions?"

"I have not tried them. There are times when we women have no power, though at others we seem to have so much."

The Baron said nothing more at the moment, but the next afternoon when Hugh was smoking moodily in the garden of his hotel, wondering whether he could summon energy enough to pack his portmanteau and return that night to Oxford, Von Winterfeld's card was brought to him by a waiter. The frown that was always there now deepened on Hugh's brow as he read the name; he stalked behind the messenger sulkily.

"To what do I owe the honour of the Baron von Winterfeld's visit?" he asked haughtily. (In after years he used to laugh very grimly at the airs he gave himself at this time, but what behaviour will not a man put on who is jealous?)

"I only heard from Miss Raeburn of your arrival in town yesterday, and I trust, on this ground, you will pardon my courtesy in not waiting on you sooner," said the other in his gentle way, ignoring the petty ill-nature of the young Englishman. "Had we known of your intended visit, it would have given my sister and me great pleasure to receive you at the villa. Your cousin is kind enough to be much with my sister, who would be very solitary but for her friendship."

"Thank you," said Hugh, freezing. ("Does he want to flaunt his conquest in my face?" he asked himself.) "I had but one object in coming here, and as that is accomplished, I return to England to-night."

"I hope we may persuade you to change your purpose," said the Baron with such gentle courtesy that Hugh was at last won over. It was impossible, indeed, not to respect the patience, the entire self-forgetfulness of this poor sufferer. There is something infinitely higher in the courage that bears than in the courage that dares. Cousin Gustav, in spite of his iron cross, was not half so heroic as his gentle kinsman whom he held little better than a woman in his weakness.

Hugh, ashamed and repentant, found himself finally promising to be present at the ball, now to take place within two days. He went himself with the Baron to the carriage that was waiting for him.

"I hope to have the honour of calling on Fräulein von Winterfeld to-morrow," he said almost cordially as he bowed to his departing guest.

What then was Cis's surprise when Hugh walked

into the music-room late the next day accompanied by the Baron. Cis was trying music over at the grand piano; Spanish, French, and other airs that were to accompany certain national dances. Both Hugh and she blushed hotly, and they shook hands awkwardly enough. Cis's mind was a tumult of wondering thoughts; she was glad when her cousin went slowly under the Baron's guidance round the room with its great treasure of musical instruments. "I am trying over these airs to select for the band," she explained when they got back to her side. "You know something of Spanish literature, Hugh; perhaps you could translate this phrase?"

Three days ago who could guess that Hugh would be here helping Cis as in the old days, his jealous pangs at rest, and yet a great gulf opened wide between them. Why did Cecilia never look at him, and why did their hands start asunder if they chanced to touch each other on the music sheet?

When Adelheid and her soldier slave came in they had tea served in the English fashion. Adelheid was perhaps a little too kind to the stranger—too kind, that is, to please any one but slave Gustav. It was—"Gustav, take my cup; bring my shawl; place a footstool,"—lie down and let me walk over you," would it not be next?

"To-morrow it will be—Gustav, marry me, and he will do it without a murmur," said her brother to Cis with a smile.

"He might feel proud to be allowed to do it!" she cried, still loyal to her friend. Hugh declined the invitation to dine which was extended to him. Cis was relieved when he went with his host to the library, where their common love of books gave them a topic that it was safe to use.

"So this is mon beau cousin!" cried Adelheid to her friend when the gentlemen had quitted the room.

"How handsome he is! How nice other people's cousins are!"

She cast a side look at the captain, pulling a dark moustache vexedly. Why couldn't he retort with a little repartee? He was not too stupid to suffer, though he was not clever enough to reply. "For my part," Adelheid went on, "I like a man who has some ideas, and does not borrow them all from the last speaker. I hate to have my statements perpetually assented to! Your cousin is very clever, my dear; I can see that by the way he talks of our German literature. I love a bookish man!" All this with a caress for Cis, and only oblique glances for the big captain. Cis could not help laughing. This love of books was quite a newly developed taste.

Cis could not help laughing. This love of books was quite a newly developed taste.

"She is so confoundedly clever!" said the soldier ruefully, addressing almost the first words to Miss Raeburn when they were for a moment alone.

"And what can a man do?"

"But she has a kind heart under it all," said the English girl, feeling sorry for this suffering Hercules.

So many love problems in her little world, and not one of them working itself out to a happy solution. The night of the ball brought no joy to Cis, though she had never seen so gay a spectacle, and might at another time have taken an artist's delight in the display. The grouping was all arranged at last, the actors perfected in their parts. Hugh, at Adelheid's summons, had thrown himself with a sort of dreary despair into the matter, and had helped to drill the various members in their duties. The great ball-room was a scene of lively confusion for days before; strange figures in the dress of all nations dancing there, while the band played the appropriate national music in the gallery. Cis climbed up sometimes and watched it from a corner among the brasses and strings; Hans Meyer and Adler stole side looks at her in the pauses of their playing; was she searching for a little person among the crowd below, who was always failing in her part and always artlessly in need of the help of schoolmaster Hugh?

So the great night came round; the beautiful gardens were illuminated, and a great crowd of maskers and of spectators wandered in their mazes, and in and out of the gay ball room where the entertainment was at a height.

Cis took no part in the dancing. After the German colours had been duly honoured, those of England were represented by the dancers; it was a pretty sight, the colours mixing, blending, separating again, and the beloved strains of the loyal, national airs were dear to her ears. She was looking on a little apart, watching Hugh, handsome but sombre in his gay dress, when some one standing in the crowd behind her said in tones that reached her ear distinctly.

"So it is to England that we give the *pas*!"

Is it, then, in this fashion that our Baron would intimate his preference for a certain charming lady of that nation, with whom rumour links his name? Our friend is in the mode; Anglomania is all the rage in Berlin at this moment.

"Trust me, my dear Count, the lady you have heard of has other ideas in her brain. A voice like that to bury itself—to be swamped in a matrimonial sick room! Not if I can help it!"

"Eh! my dear Herr Direktor, a husband has ceased to be a detrimental now-a-days, especially a sickly one with a feeble grasp on life. Your lady need not confine her gifts to the 'lulling of an aching heart,' as she of whom the poet sings."

"I trust you will not try to make a convert of her to your views, Count; with you for a rival I should indeed despair of my best pupil," said Herr Berg, in his most courtly tones.

Cis listened with scorching cheeks and a heart that beat in thick pulsations. It was thus, then, that the world looked on her pledge of friendship—her woman's outgoing of sympathy and compassion towards one whom nature had cruelly wronged. Is there no such thing as pity left—are the Samaritans all dead? Oh, what a cruel, cold, worldly world it seemed to the girl as she looked and listened, and saw her purest motives placed in this basely distorted light! She was glad when an attendant pressed through the crowd and summoned her to Adelheid.

Adelheid was in her room, and alone, looking beautiful, disturbed, excited; the only thing of life and fire in that cold stately room, all a cold glitter of china and gilding.

"Not dressed yet?" said Cis, "the dancing has begun."

"I want you to help me; my maid is looking on with the others. No, not that dress, the one on the couch."

"But this is a morning dress. Aren't you going to dance with the Captain?"

"No, no, I have changed my mind," said Adelheid imperiously.

"But have you changed his as well?" Cis could not help asking.

Adelheid laughed.

"How well you know him!" she said. "Oh, don't pity him; he is well content to let my will rule him in the meantime. Come, Cis, you are wasting precious minutes. I will have that dress and no other; it will be warmer for the gardens, and I can hide its simplicity with jewels. As for the Bürger herd, they will think it the latest fashion. Open that case, Cis; quick—there are more diamonds there. I will have all my diamonds."

"But the domino will hide them."

"Never mind; I shall be seen without the domino as well. I will have that rose which Gustav gave me. We quarrelled, you know, and this is the token of our reconciliation." She laughed gaily. "You think it difficult to quarrel with Gustav! Oh, I find it possible, I assure you, but we have made friends again, as the children say."

"Shall I put your things away?" Cis asked, doing the part of maid conscientiously.

"Oh, no, leave that wrap; I shall want it in the garden."

"Are you and the Herr Hauptmann going to

spend all the evening in the garden?" Cis asked with a mischievous smile.

"And what if we do—and what if we strayed beyond it? Who can answer for himself on a bewitching moonlight night such as this?" Then with a sudden change of tone she said, "Oh, what nonsense I talk! Of course I must go and entertain our townsfolk, mustn't I? And you—how fair and serene you look! I think—I think, my dear you are half a saint already. I want you to wear this"—she slipped a band of finely wrought gold round Cecilia's neck—"as a token—in remembrance of to-night—of our long friendship."

"I can't indeed," said Cis, struggling with Adelheid's firm hands that were fastening the necklace.

"But you can and must. It was Friedemann's first gift to me—ages ago; he had it made for me."

"Saints do not wear jewels."

"Ah, but you are not all saint; perhaps not even martyr, though you look like Alcestis."

The dress the Baron had devised for Cecilia was indeed very simple and somewhat Greek in the severity and purity of its clinging folds. "The necklace finishes the likeness; Alcestis, noblest lady of the old world."

But Cis struggled out of that warm embrace. "Let me go, let me go," she said.

"Not till you have kissed me," said Adelheid quite humbly. "You are better than I, Cis. You do not love your own way as I do mine. You think of others first. Kiss me."

Cecilia, who could resist no affectionate prompting when Adelheid chose to beg, obeyed, and together they passed into the ball-room; Adelheid beautiful, gay, brilliant once more.

XXXII.

"Alas, if this be love, how it pains!"

"Ah, take the imperfect gift I bring, knowing the primrose yet is dear, The primrose of the later year As not unlike to that of spring."

DURING all the dances, Cis was a mere spectator. She would dance with no one, not even with Hugh, who, truth to tell, did not press the matter much. He was gloomy and distraught, wishing he had not come, though, to be sure, if he had gone back to Oxford he would all the time have been wishing himself still in Germany. Who does not know the fluctuations of such a mood; the torture it is to the sufferer!

Cis, too, was very soon weary of the whole spectacle. She longed for the quiet of the music-room. At last the longing grew so great that she slipped out into the empty corridor. She was quite sure of finding a solitude there. Suddenly she remembered a nearer way, and opening a door that communicated with a quiet private garden, not lighted like the rest of the pleasure ground, she crossed it. Have the dancers found their way here too? she wondered, as she heard the low sound of voices; they dropped when she came near, but she recognised Adelheid's English maid, who carried something over her arm, whispering to a man.

"Love here too," thought Cis with a smile, and the next moment she had opened the door of the music-room. How still it was; how blissfully quiet. The moonlight chequered the floor in a lattice-work of gold. There were no garish lights here, nothing but this pale summer moonlight. In the silence and mystery all the instruments seemed to whisper together—a soft, melodious Händel chorus vibrating on the air. Then out of the dusk someone rose. "It is I, Fräulein Cecilia, do not be afraid," said the Baron.

"Did the same instinct draw us both here, I wonder?" he said, as she advanced, ghost-like, in her white dress. "Or did you hear my whispered wish a little while ago?"

"Tell me what it was."

"That you would come here and sing."

"It seems as if I did," she smiled, "since I felt impelled to come and also to sing, and I am like a naughty child; music is the sugar plum with which I bribe myself to goodness." Here is another naughty child who has run away from his duties. Will you make him good too?" So in that moonlit silence, the white keys and her pale dress but dimly seen in that faint light, she sang such songs as suited the hour. "Du bist die Ruh," and that other, too, in which Goethe promises his tired heart rest—by and bye.

When the little concert was over they both went back refreshed to the ball-room. Dancing was still going on; when they entered Adelheid was walking a minuet with her captain—how beautiful and stately she looked in her plain dress with the flash and glitter of jewels everywhere relieving it. Then there was another couple dancing too, at sight of whom Cecilia felt a great stab of pain. Mina pirouetted and curtseyed, and looked up blushing and smiling in her partner's face, but the glances that followed Cis had only a mocking triumph in them. "Your dearest cousin is my captive," they seemed to say. "He is firm in my toils; he will never be free again."

After supper everyone was eager to don the domino; that cloak of so much levity. The musicians came down from their gallery, and for a while there was no more music. All the radiance of the gay dresses was suddenly quenched by this universal garb of black.

"I suppose we must yield to this tyranny of custom," said Cis, adjusting her mask as she took Hans's eagerly outstretched arm; "Hans, if I lose you, how shall I find you again? I feel as if I had lost my own identity already."

"I shall keep close by you all the time, Fräulein," said Hans. So they wandered about together, and though they were separated sometimes, her knight was never far off. They received many greetings, and much lively comment was passed from unknown lips. It would have been all very amusing if Cecilia had not been so strangely dull and so tired. Where was Hugh in all this crowd? Wandering with a little domino hanging on his arm in the gardens, perhaps; out in the dangerous moonlight. Those walks, silent and white, were full of peril for impetuous youth. What words might not Hugh whisper—words that would bind him all his life?

Suddenly in the midst of these thoughts Cecilia found herself parted for a moment by the crowd from her faithful knight. "Oh, Hans," she said, taking an arm that was stretched out to her, "I thought I had lost you." Was it Hans, indeed? The mask was silent. Surely Hans was less tall. Cis was about to withdraw her hand, a little annoyed by the mistake, when the stranger spoke.

"Your companion will return to you. His absence for a moment permits me an opportunity of giving you a warning, mademoiselle."

"A warning?" Cecilia repeated a little haughtily: "if this is a jest, sir, pray let it go no further." "Pardon me, you will let me deliver my—my message? You are in danger, mademoiselle. Someone is plotting against you—to-night in this room; against your peace. Someone would deprive you of the great future that is before you."

Cis involuntarily shrank a little. She had indeed one enemy who had taken her dearest friend and cousin from her. Then she rallied her courage.

"Mein Herr," she said, "I am unused to entertainments of this nature, and if your enigmas are part of the play, I pardon them, but I would tell you I have no faith in oracles."

"Nevertheless I repeat my warning; temptation will come to you; temptation to renounce your career; it is being prepared for you now. When it comes—be firm."

Perhaps the masker was less careful to disguise his tones the more earnest he grew; something, at least, in the voice rang familiar to her ear, and the last words brought an illuminating light with them.

I have heard these words—or such as these, once before to-night, sir," Cis answered with a great deal of spirit, "from lips that I little thought would utter them. I cannot allow even my master, to whom I owe so much, to decide my future for me—my future and that of another who would be the first to recoil from such imputed designs. I did not think Herr Berg was so little my friend as he has shown himself."

"It is the Fräulein I know the voice," cried Hans, "I lost you after all my promises! I can't think how we came to be separated."

"Is it truly you, Hans?" She turned coldly from the first speaker. "I would have no more mysteries," she said with a little tremor in her voice.

For all answer he removed his mask and looked at her with his merry blue eyes. "Who was it who spoke to you? The same who jostled me aside, I'll be bound. If he was rude to you—"

"Someone whose disguise did not help him," she answered coldly. "Let us get away from this folly, Hans. I am sick of it all. Take me to some quiet place and then come back yourself."

"I don't want to leave you, Fräulein. Shall I take you home?" "I'd like that best, but I promised Fräulein von Winterfeld, as she strongly urged it, to remain to the last."

It seemed a long time till the revelry was over. She sat in a small deserted room alone, having persuaded Hans to leave her and return to the masquerade; it was dimly lit, and when she drew the curtain aside from the window she could see the birth of the summer dawn over the river. How pure and peaceful; how fresh and stainless the new day was; how garish it made her remembered ball-room look as she called up a vision of it in her mind. It was here Hugh found her at last; here, with the world beginning again for them both, he came to say good-bye.

"I have been looking for you everywhere," he said, "and someone told me you were here. I could not go without a word, Cis."

"Are you—are you going back to Oxford?" she asked. She looked pale, and there were dark circles under her eyes.

"I am going to-morrow—I forgot—it is tomorrow already. When the sun is up I shall be on my way."

"I hope you will have a pleasant journey, cousin Hugh."

"You have done so much to make it so!" he said bitterly. "It is your woman's way, I suppose; first stab a man and then hope demurely that he may be happy!"

"Shall I wish you unhappiness, then?" she retorted with some spirit. "That would hardly befit the occasion, I think."

"Wish me forgetfulness of you," said the young fellow dismally. "Ask that the hopes I've cherished all my life may no more torment me with their falseness. Cis! Cis!" he said, "what is the use of quarrelling like this? Let us part at least in peace."

"I feel quite peaceful," she answered—"and—and I didn't think you looked so very unhappy when you were dancing."

"And you, perhaps, were not altogether miserable either, when you were singing in the moonlight to one listener."

"It appears you watch me then!" she flashed out on him. "It is a new character in our family, that of spy!"

"It is all you let me do," he answered, too dejected to mind the taunt. "You have nothing but cold looks for me when we meet. Your words are for another! Your thoughts—what share have I in them? How can I but be jealous of this rival that is always coming between us. Is it always to come between us, Cis? I have your promise that you will tell me."

"I promised to tell you if I failed in my dearest

hope and desire. Ah, it was not generous of you to wish that I should fail. But I have not failed. As I told you before, there are no stabs, no pangs in music. It is the best consoler when these are dealt by another. If it will please you; if you must needs triumph over me, I will tell you on the day when it falls short in its power."

"Triumph, Cis?" he said so mournfully that she hung her head.

"Why do you make me so bitter?" she said. "I wasn't bitter or hard once. Go, Hugh, or I shall hurt you, perhaps. Farewell—and—and, though you will not let me say it, I wish you happy all the same."

"Not farewell, Cis. *Auf wiedersehen*. Will you be kinder to me when I see you again? God bless you, dearest cousin!" he wrung her hands and turned away, not trusting himself to say more.

What was it made Cis so cruel? She did not know then, nor for long after, what ailed her, what an angry jealousy and wounded love it was that was gnawing her. Perhaps she cried when she was left all alone, the bitter tears of an overfull heart; perhaps because Hugh had gone; perhaps because he had found her unkind. Who knows why they fell? The summer day was quite bright now, and from her post at the window she could see groups of guests going homewards, down the path to the river. Surely the last must be going. Adelheid would release her from lingering longer. She would go and ask her. She longed inexpressibly for the peace and silence of her own little room.

As she opened the door and went out into the corridor a servant met her.

"The Herr Baron begs that you will go to him for a moment in the music-room," he said.

As she crossed the hall to obey this summons she saw the last lingerers robing to go home. Hans started forward.

"May I wait and walk to the Engelgasse with you, Fräulein?" he asked; "or, do you drive?"

"No, I shall walk. Can you wait a moment, Hans? I would say good-night to the Baron."

In the music-room a candle still burned on the piano, though day looked in at the windows. By the cross light she thought the Baron looked more pale even than usual.

"Forgive my sending for you," he said, "it is only some foolish whim of Adelheid's; but it is a night of mysteries, to be sure, and one must be pliant."

"Where is she? I have not seen her for some time."

"No doubt laughing at our expense behind some curtain or door. What do you make of this?" He handed Cecilia an open sheet of paper on which was written, in Adelheid's slim writing:

"DEAR BROTHER,—I beg you and Miss Raeburn to read the accompanying letter together. You will find everything I would say to either of you written there for both."

Cis looked puzzled. "She would keep on the mask, I suppose, though it is so late," she said, but her smile was full of trouble.

"Adelheid always loved a mystery. Let us unravel this great secret together. I think I can guess that she will come to us presently and demand our congratulations; so be ready with yours."

He broke the seal and held the sheet so that they each saw it.

"DEAREST SANTA CECILIA" (it said), "when this falls into your gentle hands I shall be far on my way to a new home where I shall bear a new name. My good brother will thank me by and by that I have spared him the trouble and fatigue of a wedding feast. His consent, Gustav and I were sure of, and we have acted on it as if it had been given us with the fraternal blessing. Being sure of it, why did I not ask and obtain it openly? you say. Because I do not love to do as all the world does, and it pleased me best to wed this way. You who are English will appreciate my independence.

There was but one tie that linked me to the villa and its monotonous peace (Friedemann will not believe, perhaps, that I stayed but for him) and that you severed for me. Long, long ago, I read your simple secret and my brother's too. I leave my task in hands that will fulfil it far more worthily than I have done. Did I not tell you that you were born to the part of an Alcestis? But you will live, I pray, for your Adonetus and not die, and he will have a new life in his happiness with you.

"I take you to my heart, my sister Alcestis, *Adelheid*.

"I had almost said Adelheid von Cramm, when this reaches you that name will indeed be mine."

Could it be true, or was this basely selfish announcement only a foolish jest—an ugly dream? The paper fluttered and fell from the Baron's grasp. Cis gave an inarticulate cry as her eyes met his.

Oh, what a cruel blow, what a stab in the dark the letter had dealt to two kind hearts! [To be continued.]

Pip's Lecture in *Dixyland* by *Marlin Quern*.

A MUSICAL GROTESQUE FOR CHILDREN OF ALL GROWTHS.

CHAPTER V.—(continued).

Concerning Pip's Lecture and the Comments of the Local Press.

"THE eloquent lecturer," continued the report, "proceeded to maintain that there was indisputable truth in the theory that emotion never flowed so freely for artistic purposes as when a tap was inserted in the bung-hole of some primitive cask. Unfortunately no artist, poet, or musician had as yet succeeded in being primitive enough. Wordsworth had sought the essential passions of the heart in low and rustic life; Wagner had sought them in the sad, wild myths of the northern heroic age. But there was a deep below the deep, wherein the great ancestral emotions lay undisturbed by the varied though trivial moods which swarmed in the shallows of modern life. Need he say that before the rustic and behind the theogonies came the nursery myths. The Nibelungen was primitive, but could it compare in respect of primitivity with many of the legends embodied in nursery rhymes—those quaint vases which preserved in simple, but subtle, and always beautiful, forms the doubly distilled essence of elemental passions and early thought.

"Let your minds recur," said Pip, warming to his subject, "to that epic in epigram, that drama in a dew-drop, the history of Humpty-Dumpty. It is a poem expressing in a few words an early realization of the meaning of Death. The lamented Humpty is placidly sunning himself, when he falls and is shattered. Primitive surgery vainly seeks to piece together his fragments. It is beyond the highest human power represented by the pictorial, barbaric symbol of all the king's horses and all the king's men. In Humpty-Dumpty, therefore, we have one of the first passionate wails of primitive pessimism—a black cloud in the world's golden morning. Could they not conceive it as the subject of a symphonic poem, following the method of motives from current song already indicated by him. It would open with fragments from the best

existing musical works dealing with walls and with sitting, such as the phrase, "Over the garden wall," and the first two or three notes of "I'm sitting by the stile, Mary." These would constitute the "motive of mural enthronement," which would dominate the first section, and be handed about from instrument to instrument, and from key to key against a background of music descriptive of a rural scene. He need not refer to the innumerable pieces of pastoral music from which phrases might be culled and deftly woven together in such a way that each might lend definite pictorial effect to the whole. Suddenly in the midst of the brightness, a low murmur becomes audible amongst the basses. It dies away, but almost immediately gathers again. It is overlaid, fluted at, drummed at, fiddled at, but it will not be crushed out. It is the premonition of doom—a whispered threat swelling to a mutter, then to a growl, to an imprecation, to a murderous roar. Then there is a silence broken by a hideous clang from the entire orchestra. It is the flop of Humpty. Thereafter follows a tumult of hoarse demoniac laughter, from the midst of which the trombones clamour monotonously. It is the voice of fate calling to the fiends to come and exult in her handiwork. It was unnecessary for him to pursue into detail the subsequent efforts of the king's retinue, and the magnificent funeral rites accorded to the fragments. It would require little effort to make it the basis of a drama. From all points of view the poem was full of profound incidental lessons, such as the implication of the precarious tenure of life contained in the fact that death is to be found between the top of a wall and the bottom of it. It suggested not less problems of such world-wide importance as the questions—Under what circumstances is a man justified (*a*) in sitting on a wall, (*b*) in tumbling off it? What would have been the changed destiny of the world if it had been possible to put the hapless one together again? The musical treatment of this suggestive myth could not fail, therefore, to relate itself to modern life and thought, to satisfy the imperious needs of the race for the solace of a perfect reflex of contemporary feeling.

"Again, the 'House that Jack built' was not the simple idiotic narrative which it appeared upon the surface. He might cite his terrene friend Dallas, who asserted that 'on looking narrowly we find in it a great truth—how nothing in the world stands apart by itself—brought down to a child's understanding by tracing the links which connect the rat of one parish with the cock of another.' How greatly might the comprehensibility of this important truth be enhanced by a musical setting. The two legends, indeed, might be utilized in combination with a third—the story of Jack and Gill—to form a trilogy. The Jack of 'The House that Jack built' was no other than the husband of Gill, whose descendant Humpty-Dumpty furnished a striking illustration of the theory of heredity. The tendency to fall, which had resulted in broken crowns to his ancestors, reappeared with more terribly tragic results in his own shattered constitution. There is evidently in this a weaving of fate which might well constitute itself the germ of a lyric drama, expounding the philosophy of Schopenhauer or Hartmann."

At this point the reporter of the *Daily Queerman* fell asleep, being, as he has since alleged, the last man in the audience to keep awake. Twice afterwards he was sufficiently roused by some vocal illustrations given by the lecturer to jot down detached fragments such as the opening of a cantata, entitled "The Khan who could not," which ran—

"I am the mighty Hobble-wobble,
Of Dizzyland the King,
A downright despot, not a weak
And constitutional thing:
If in my presence any man
Presumes to sneeze or cough,
I seize my scimitar and cut
The erring organ off."

In point of fact, however, this was the highest

form of compliment which could be bestowed upon any lecturer by a Queensland audience, and was recognised as such by the local press on the subsequent day. The general verdict was, that Pip had achieved a greater degree of success than any previous lecturer the Queenslanders had known. It is only possible to cite two of the numerous notices which it received. The *Daily Queen*, expressing itself with characteristic caution, said, that the time had scarcely come to pronounce a decided opinion as to the merits of the theory. There was very much to be said in favour of it, but on the other hand, there was very much to be said against it. The question must be looked at from both points of view; if not, it was better not to look at all. Theories were made to be criticised, and this one would not escape. It might be a distinct advance in musical ideas, or it might not, but it was to be hoped it might. In this way the leading organ of Queensland meandered pleasantly along through a column and a half of amicable nothing. On the other hand the *Evening Query* was highly laudatory. It welcomed him as the latest product of evolution. Music, it argued, was an inevitable incident in the chemical development of an animal organism. There could be no doubt that positivism was a sociological failure, yet if force no longer went in that direction, it must by the principle of persistence go in another. In Pip had been found an organism with a definite musical function for whom no more fitting environment could be found than Queensland, no more genuine admirer than the *Query*.

[To be continued.]

Musical Life in London.

IN the dark days of December music does not greatly flourish. But, on the 19th, the announcement of Mr F. W. Cowen's "Sleeping Beauty" at the Crystal Palace, was sufficient attraction to make many London amateurs resolve to journey thither, despite cold and fog. The subject is exactly suited to Mr Cowen's genius, some of the musical scenes—notably that in the turret tower and the Choral Interlude, when slumber and gloom settle down on the palace and its inmates—being of exquisite dramatic beauty and tone-colour. *Motifs* are lavishly used—we have the Blessing, the Malediction, the Feast, and the Love themes, each one, time after time, being worked in in very effective manner. A certain portion of the music, however, either from haste or mistaken policy on the composer's part, falls sadly beneath the general standard of this very charming work. Thus we have a weak tenor solo describing how

"The budding rose

Stands fearless of the autumn wind that blows."

and the waltz-chorus "At dawn of day," hardly rises above the commonplace. But against these, many airs may be mentioned, from the song of the Fays at the commencement, "Draw the thread and weave the woof;" to the spirited and noble tenor *scena*, "Light, light at last," when Prince Charming discovers the sleeping princess, of which the lovely melody and grace leave a long abiding recollection. Mrs Hutchinson and Miss Hope Glenn sang the soprano and contralto music with great effect; Mr Frederick King gave due expression to the not, very important utterances of the king; and Mr Winch was so evidently suffering from cold that it is fairest to pass over without comment his attempt to sing the tenor part. The applause at the close of the performance bore emphatic testimony to the popular approval.

OF other ante-Noël concerts at the Crystal

Palace a brief account will suffice. On December 12, a new violinist, M. Stanislaus Bercewicz, played Wieniawski's Concerto No. 2, and other pieces, with very brilliant execution, though his tone struck me as being somewhat coarse. The symphony was Schumann's noble No. 1. All who have heard the playing of the band during the past season under Mr Manns' baton seem to have joined in admiration of the superb ensemble and fire displayed in it. These concerts, best of their kind, recommence on February 13, when Dvorák's "Spectre Bride" will be heard for the second time in London.

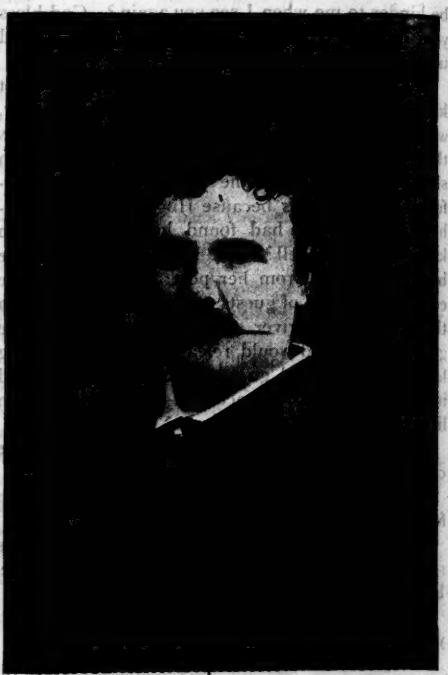
THE hopes that were entertained of Signor Piatti's speedy recovery to health have, unfortunately, not been realised, and the Saturday and Monday Popular Concerts must take place this season without him. Herr Franz Neruda proved an efficient substitute during the first portion of the time, playing with the unobtrusive skill of a true artist, and Herr Hausmann, installed for the remainder of the season, has already justified his choice. But English audiences are very steadfast in their likings, and we shall not be quite contented until Piatti returns. The Monday concert of December 14th was the occasion of a "first time" performance of a Quintet in C minor by Kiel, a composer much esteemed in Germany, a contrapuntist of no mean merit, but withal a clever man devoid of genius. In this work there is much that is ingenious and prettily conceived, but none of the themes are of special interest or novelty. It was extremely well played by Mme. Neruda, Miss Zimmermann, and MM. Straus, Ries, and Neruda. At this concert Herr Neruda played "Widmung" and "Gavotte," by Popper, with delightfully ringing tone. After an interval of a month, these concerts were resumed on January 11, when Miss Mary Davies played Schumann's "Etude, Symphoniques," and took part in Schubert's glorious trio in E flat, with marked success.

ST JAMES' HALL was crowded to the door on the afternoon of January 16, when the first Saturday Popular Concert of the present year was given. The great attraction was Beethoven's Septet, to be played by Mme. Neruda and MM. Straus, Lazarus, Paersch, Wotton, Hausmann, and Bottesini. The programme also included several other features of the greatest interest. It commenced with the "Andante" and "Scherzo," pretty if not very profound, from Mendelssohn's unfinished Quartet, and "Märchenzählungen," by Schumann, for violin (or more properly, clarinet), played by Mme. Neruda, Mr Charles Halle, and Herr Hausmann, and produced at these concerts for the first time, proved to be a treat of the rarest—full of the true Schumannian charm and character. Mr Charles Halle played Chopin's B flat minor Nocturne, and Brahms' Scherzo in E flat minor, in beautiful style, though perhaps with an excess of the *rubato*. The "Septet" was the treat it always is, and time and adjectives would fail us to tell how admirably the great work was interpreted. One special word of praise, however, I must reserve for that worthy veteran, Mr Lazarus, whose clarinet rang in the lovely "Adagio" with exquisite expression.

IT may be noted, by the way, that "Christmas Specialities" appear to be going out of fashion in musical London. Thus we have had only two performances of the "Messiah," one at St James' Hall by the Sacred Harmonic Society, the other at the Royal Albert Hall, and these have amply sufficed for the popular appetite. This is very different from the days when the "Messiah" was heard everywhere at Christmas.

OF other concerts the list is not very long, and but few novelties are to be recorded. The last of

the very pleasant Brinsmead Orchestral Concerts took place in December, when the prize pianoforte concerto by Mr Oliver King, clever but not particularly original, was well played by Mme. Frickenhaus (a lady whom I always like to tell the world is an Englishwoman). Of others I need only say that M. De Pachmann with his pianoforte recitals, Mme. Viard Louis with her Beethoven meetings, Herr Bonawitz with his historical recitals on the harpsichord and piano, the Heckmann Quartet, the Sacred Harmonic and Novello Oratorio choirs, have all in their various ways and several degrees done good service to the musical cause. J. J. B.



Joseph Maas:

DIED AT CHATHAM, JAN. 16, 1886.

ONLY those who have followed the course of music in England for the last ten years will fully realise how much poorer the vocal art is among us to-day by the death of Mr Joseph Maas. His was a prominent figure at almost every great musical gathering, and some of the pleasantest memories of the art are associated with his rarely-beautiful singing. Regret at the sudden termination of his career is deepened by reflection that Mr Maas had not passed out of the category of the younger singers. He was born at Dartford, in Kent, on January 30, 1847, and as a child displayed such a gift for music, that he was engaged as solo chorister-boy at Rochester Cathedral. There he studied under Mr T. Harecourt the musical teacher at the Cathedral, and Mr J. L. Hopkins, the organist.

Between the period of boyhood and manhood Mr Maas held a Government appointment at Chatham. This, however, he resigned at the age of twenty-two, and, by the advice of Mr Roach Smith, went to Milan to become the pupil of Signor San Giovanni. Returning to England in 1871, he was engaged by Mr Dion Boucicault to appear in "Babu and Bijou," at Covent Garden. After singing in English Opera at the Crystal Palace, he accepted an American engagement in the Kellogg Company, and found many admirers in the United States. In the year 1877 he accepted the role of first tenor in Mr Carl Rosa's company, and sang in Ignaz Brüll's opera "The Golden Cross," at the Adelphi Theatre. This was the beginning of an operatic career of considerable distinction. He was successively leading tenor under Mr Carl

Rosa, at the Royal Italian Opera and Her Majesty's Opera; and had nature been as kind to him on the histrionic as on the vocal side, he would, undoubtedly have taken a place with the great artists of the golden period of opera. He shared, however, the general weakness of tenors in dramatic power, and probably it was some perception of the real nature of his gifts which caused him during the last few years to devote himself entirely to oratorio and concert work. Here his success was unimpeachable. His voice for pure sonorous charm has hardly been excelled, and the sweetness of his mezzo-voce singing, the ringing trumpet-like quality of his declamation, and the evenness and ease with which he used his great compass of tones were a delight of no ordinary kind to the cultured listener. His fine natural gifts had been carefully matured, and they were seconded by admirable taste. In interpretative power, combining insight with refinement and justness of expression, he was surpassed by none of his contemporaries, while there were points in his technique, such as long-breathing and sustained crescendo, in which he had no equal. For some time past Mr Maas had been suffering from rheumatism which culminated in an attack of rheumatic fever, complicated with gout and bronchitis. The bursting of a blood vessel on the morning of the 16th instant brought the illness to a fatal issue. At the funeral, which took place on the 20th, there was a large and sorrowful gathering of the musical profession, and many hundreds of persons to whom Mr Maas could only have been known as an artist. A service was held in St Mary's Church, St John's Wood, when Canon Duckworth officiated and Dr Bridge presided at the organ. The simple words of testimony to Mr Maas's devotion to his profession, and the lustre he conferred on English vocal art, found a heartfelt response. To the intimate circle of his friends, Mr Maas was commended by great integrity and generosity of character; and much and wide sympathy is extended to his sorrowing wife and daughter.

It will be remembered that Mr Maas had an especially cordial reception from the great audience at the Händel Festival last summer. We reproduce here the autograph he wrote for the *Magazine of Music* on that occasion.

*Tell fair Irene my heart
she is breaking "Handel"
(Opera Italantia)*

Joseph Maas

"Fadette."

PRODUCED AT LIVERPOOL, JANUARY 18, 1886.

WE need hardly say that Maillart, the composer of Mr Carl Rosa's latest addition to opera in English, is not the distinguished Frenchman of the same name who made the marginal notes on his discourses—"Weep here."

"Fadette" is, in intention at least, a cheerful opera. It is none the better for that, however, when the cheerfulness is at the expense of unity. Whether it is that French opera librettists are not the master-hands at plot construction that their brothers of the drama proper are, or that the process of translation and adaptation makes a kind of chaos of the original scheme, certain it is that Mr Carl Rosa's traffic with the French school results in singularly disjointed products. There is no chance of a publisher doing for them what Messrs Chappell & Co. are doing for Mr Gilbert's libretto—putting them within honest boards and inviting

criticism upon them as literature. And this fact is condemnatory. Things that will not bear reading are not to be sanctified by singing. There is, strictly speaking, no characterisation in "Fadette," and no specially strong narrative interest to take its place. But by dint of energetic action and singing it moves: and that suffices. Maillart's music is tuny—what French music is not?—and in an episodical way it is clever. There are also examples of instrumentation planned on a fairly ambitious scale, and worked out without obvious weakness. Some numbers written with the characteristic surface charm of French romance took a hold of the audience, and the ensemble writing which has the requisite vigour in elaboration made the right impression. The members of Mr Carl Rosa's company won fresh esteem in their various rôles. Madame Roze has a part which has possibilities of picturesqueness, and they are amply seized. The Georgette of Madame Gaylord has many pleasant features, though it is not differentiated from some of her previous personations. Mr McGuckin, Mr Sauvage, and Mr Burgon had each telling parts, of which they did not fail to take advantage. The opera had been carefully rehearsed, and went without obvious hitch.

The Society of Professional Musicians.

THE first annual conference of this society was held in the Salisbury Hotel, Fleet Street, on January 7. Mr Prout, in opening the proceedings, congratulated the society on the muster it had made, saying that the acorn planted in Lancashire had become a very promising young oak, and the metropolitan musicians should be asked to come under its shade. The general secretary (Mr N. Chadfield) explained that the framework of the organisation was now complete, all the sections into which the society had mapped out England being in working order.

The Object of the Society.

Dr Hales said the primary object of the society was to unite professional musicians. It wished to further music, and especially English music. It would represent all shades of opinion. They had no ornamental officers: no president. They were not going to be strangled by any titled committee. They held that musicians were the only people who ought to speak authoritatively on musical subjects. They did not want patronage and would not have dictation. They would endeavour to smooth the path of the younger members of the profession.

A few Desiderata.

The Chairman remarked that the musical profession needed corporate existence as much as the law, the church, or the medical profession. The society should include only those who made music their sole profession. Dr Allison advocated the legal establishment of some mode of testing the qualifications of musical teachers. Mr Dawber thought the members of the society might adopt some insignia. Mr A. Page urged that the society should support its members in the law courts when they were unjustly treated. Mr J. Marsden was of opinion that the musical compositions of members should be used whenever possible by their fellow-members. Mr F. Haworth thought the society should take up the grievances of organists as against church and cathedral rulers; and Dr Mann held that if the society supported its members when they were unjustly treated, it should also have right of condemnation when this was deserved.

Mr Prout on British Musical Art.

Mr Prout said he was old enough to remember what the state of native musical art was twenty-five years ago, and he congratulated English musicians on the very large improvement that they had seen in recent years. He remembered the time when it was the rarest thing in the world to see any composition by an Englishman in a musical programme, except a waltz or some trashy ballad. He also remembered the time, not so very long ago, when a foreigner, by the mere fact of his being a foreigner, had the preference over an Englishman, because he had "Herr," "Signor," or "Mons." before his name. He mentioned the case of a man who set up

in a provincial town as a professor of music. A more thorough duffer never wrote himself down as a professor of music, and as he did no good in that town he came up to London and wrote "Herr" before his name, and some years after he told him that he had a good teaching connection. The English public, however, were now beginning to see that some good might come out of Nazareth. He thought, man for man, England could show as good a list of musicians as other countries. He was of opinion that no foreign orchestras were equal to ours. Those at the Opéra Comique and the Grand Opéra in Paris were among the finest in France; but they could not come up to us in the quality of strings, and the same defect was still more remarkable in the German orchestras.

Some Needed Reforms.

Dr Allison thought English music had suffered by foreign teachers choosing foreign compositions for their pupils. He wished a committee formed to judge new pieces submitted to them. Mr Stratton condemned the royalty system, "Let each member say, 'I will not have a royalty song on my programme.'" Mr Dawber said much good English music was never published, and said the society should offer facilities for publication. If there was a loss, the society should bear it; if a profit, it should be divided between the society and the composer. The Chairman thought musicians should try to take the management of concerts out of the hands of publishers who were interested in royalty songs. Mr Argent thought the society should become its own publisher. The meeting closed with a vote of thanks to Mr Prout, and the singing of "For he's a jolly good fellow."

The conference was resumed the following day, when Mr F. H. Cowen presided.

Mr F. H. Cowen on Musical Education.

Mr Cowen said the education of the musical student required grave consideration. Among other things his individuality should, within certain limits, be encouraged rather than suppressed, and, above all, he should have opportunities of making himself thoroughly acquainted with everything good, noble, and refined in the art. Why was it still necessary to complete a musical education in Germany, France, or Italy? Our academies were for the most part excellent, and our professors assuredly equal to any on the Continent, but the answer was that the atmosphere of music did not yet exist as it should in this country. Here the student worked more for himself and by himself. His association with his fellows and—what was more important—with his masters was mostly limited to the hours of study, occasional evening practices and *sorées* excepted. Why should not all the scholars of our academies, or part of them in turn, have free admission to the performances in the opera houses or concert halls? Another step on the right road would be the reduction of fees at our academies to those not fortunate enough to win the few private scholarships; but he feared that little could be done until the Government interested itself more than at present in music. It was a disgrace to a country which boasted of being the richest in the world that the cultivation of music should be left to private generosity. Discontent at this state of things would, however, make itself felt sooner or later, and they might awake some morning to find England possessed not only of a National Opera House and Academy in London, but of several other academies supported by the different municipalities in other parts of the country. The places where good orchestral performances could be heard might be counted on the fingers of one hand, and he suggested that musicians should band together to form musical centres where at present there might be plenty of money but very little musical life. Speaking of the non-professional lovers of music, he deprecated the extensive use of trivial and commonplace ballads for public performances, pleading guilty at the same time to having himself offended in this direction. Why did modern composers write such songs? Because in this country it was impossible to live by writing works only of a high character. If, however, singers and teachers would combine to use none but good songs, the standard of public taste would ultimately be raised.

While touching to-day on the points which required improvement rather than on those already in a forward state, he did not take a despondent view of the state of the art in England. There was no other country in which music had made such great strides during the last ten or fifteen years. As for this Society, it was already bearing fruit, and would make its influence felt more and more, to the lasting good of the art in this country.

The State and Musical Education.

Mr M'Naught pointed out that at present the State only helped music in elementary schools, giving last year £115,000 for that purpose. He was glad to say that the proportion of those who learned from notes was increasing, the number being 1,500,000 last year. At the same time between two and three million children earned the grant for singing by ear. As for higher musical education, the municipal authorities throughout the country should be urged to do something for it. Mr Prout regarded singing by ear as better than nothing; but thought that all the money at present paid to elementary schools should be given for singing from notes.

On the Sol-fa System, and Cost of Education.

With respect to tonic sol-fa, Mr Prout said he stood there boldly as one of its advocates. It was thorough, self-consistent, and logical, and taught the important principle of key relationship in preference to absolute pitch. It was the best system for elementary singing, and an excellent stepping-stone to old notation. As to the foreign conservatoires, there were English schools which gave quite as good instruction, but going abroad was no doubt regarded as giving a stamp of some value. Moreover, musical education on the Continent cost not more than half as much as in England. The suggestion that the State should give prizes for high-class musical works was not one which he looked upon favourably. In Paris the system had never resulted in the production of any masterpiece. Mr Greenwood contended that young children were capable of learning the staff notation; and it ought to be taught to them, as it was the notation in which musicians wrote their thoughts. Dr Hiles argued that the country needed a musical organisation, which would develop the native style—one marked by simplicity, straightforwardness, and manliness—and would also encourage the local peculiarities of different parts of the country. For this purpose, while insisting upon thorough musical instruction, they should encourage local action, and, within certain limits, local freedom. He was also in favour of the formation of orchestral classes in as many places as possible, including schools. Dr Gower urged that in public schools more time should be allowed for the music lessons, which were sometimes excluded from the ordinary school hours. Mr S. Stratton thought they ought to follow the example of the Tonic Sol-faists by establishing a college where the art of teaching could be taught. He further held that musical education should not be separated from general instruction. Dr Allison suggested a memorial to the heads of all public schools, begging them to allow their boys' music lessons to be given in the ordinary school hours. As to the necessity for more orchestral performers, every volunteer band should be encouraged to cultivate string instruments as well as wind instruments. Dr Gower recommended that every organist should if possible get the rich members of his congregation to assist him in obtaining a thorough musical education for any boy who showed marked ability. Thus they might found scholarships all over the country. The Chairman said that not only the public schools but the municipalities of the country should be memorialised in the interests of musical education; and as for orchestras, it was not so much the amateur kind that was wanted as professional orchestras of Englishmen. The conference then terminated.

A meeting took place at the Charing-Cross Hotel for the purpose of making known the objects of the society to the musical profession of London. Mr Cowen presided, and explained generally the desire for co-operation that the society represented. Other speakers repeated the views expressed at the previous meetings.

Mr W. H. Cummings on Musical Impostors and Amateurs.

Mr W. H. Cummings believed that the society was intended to protect the public. At present the latter were preyed upon by impostors, and in that way alone great injury was done to the musical progress of England. He hoped that the society in enlarging its borders would take care to admit none but genuine professional musicians. It would be easy to obtain 2000 additional names in London alone, but that would be like adding the musical directory to their roll of members. Half of the 2000 would be semi-amateurs, whom it was not desirable to encourage. The amateur would be ashamed to take the bread out of the mouth of the poor cobbler by making shoes gratuitously, but he was not ashamed to take it out of the mouth of the professional musician by playing the organ without charge, or appearing at concerts for a re-

duced fee. And although usually an inferior performer, he was frequently proposed for the sake of economy. Professional musicians wanted a legal organisation like those of the lawyers and doctors.

Should the Society Examine?

Mr H. J. Stark heartily welcomed the Society to London, but doubted whether it should act as an examining body.—Dr Hiles defended this feature of the organization, asking whether any London musician would really refuse to join them because of the supposed right of some existing institution to conduct examinations.

Purify the Profession.

Mr E. Prout moved, "That the National Society of Professional Musicians is deserving of the co-operation and support of the musical profession." One of their main objects he explained, was to weed and purify the profession; and ultimately it was hoped that the Society would be incorporated. It was necessary that it should be distinctly representative—neither provincial nor metropolitan.

The resolution was carried with one dissentient, and the proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to the Chairman.

Foreign Notes.

MADAME PAULINE LUCCA has now entirely recovered from her recent illness, and has been appearing with success at concerts at St Petersburg.

HERR RUBENSTEIN having finished his engagement at Vienna, is now giving his historical recitals in Prague, whence he will go to Paris. He will probably begin the London series early in May.

THE Dresden opera has followed the example of Vienna and adopted the French diapason. This indicates the progress of common sense. We shall be reasonable by-and-by.

MADAME ELLY WARNOTS, who is known to English concert-goers as a singer with a highly developed bravura style, made a successful *début* at the Lamoureux Concerts in Paris last month.

THE Japanese Minister at Washington witnessed a performance of "The Mikado" the other night, and when asked his opinion of the play, said the male acting was "ridiculous."

THE "Nibelungen" has again been performed in its entirety at Munich. It is worth noticing that where Wagner is best known, as in the Bavarian capital, there his music has the strongest hold.

THE Vienna statue of Haydn by Herr Natter will, if no unforeseen obstacles arise, be erected in May. A monument of another kind, the exhaustive life of the composer by Herr Pohl, is also making progress.

HERR JOHANN STRAUSS, one of the members of the family of the Viennese Waltz-king, has, for some reason unexplained, turned his back on his Austrian nationality and become a naturalised Saxon.

AUDIENCES in the South, says *Galignani*, are terrible. Madlle. Camille Odezanne, singer at the Nimes Theatre, has just died, aged twenty-eight, from illness brought on by being hissed in a performance of "La Juive." She was the daughter of the basso of that name, well known in the French provinces.

THE famous violoncello by Stradivarius, which belonged to the two Servais, father and son, the violoncellists, is still offered for sale. It is reported that the highest bid, 60,000 francs, has been made by Herr von Mendelssohn of Berlin, but that Mme. Servais has fixed the price at 100,000 francs.

THE munificent municipality of Naples have contributed the sum of £4 towards the Bellini Monument. It is certainly necessary to do something to keep the older Italian composers from being entirely forgotten, but the reduction of Neapolitan filth to the extent of £4 would have been a worthier employment of the money.

THE Fifth Centenary of the Heidelberg University, which is to be held next August, should be an event of unusual interest, with its gathering of 20,000 old students in the picturesque little town. The jubilee hymn has been composed by Herr Lachner to words by Victor von Scheffel.

PROFESSOR FLUGGEN, the well-known Munich painter, is to superintend the costumes at the Bayreuth Festival. The first of the seventeen performances is to take place on July 23rd. "Parsifal" will be given on Monday and Friday, and "Tristan und Isolde" on Thursday and Sunday of each week during the Festival.

THE hundredth anniversary of the death of Moses Mendelssohn has just been celebrated at Dessau, some of his grandson's music being performed on the occasion. It is to be feared that in this country he is known rather as the grandfather of Felix, than as a philosopher and as the thinker who, in Heine's phrase, shattered Judaism, as Luther had shattered Christian, Catholicism.

It is a pity that announcements of patents are so often "wrop up in mystery." A patent for printing from music type by means of electricity is said to have been recently taken out by Mr Charles Goodwin of Brussels. One wonders if it be that long projected and fatal instrument which promises to record the music extemporized by players at the piano. It will be a relief to have further details.

A NEW encyclopædia, to be known as "La Grand Encyclopædie," has been projected in France. It will be published in 25 volumes of 1200 pages each—that is all. The operatic and theatrical articles and biographies are to be written by M. Arthur Pougin, while the strictly musical subjects are to be in the charge of M. Henri Lavoix, jun. The shade of Diderot may be invoked to watch over the scheme.

M. DELIBES has, it is said, altered certain passages in his "Lakmé" at the request of Madame Patti, who, as announced last month, means to try her fortune in the part. Why does a prima donna of her extensive influence not get a part specially written for her instead of following in the wake of stars of lesser magnitude? Perhaps composers who write in Madame Patti's style are a trifle old.

THE house in the Brühl at Leipzig where Richard Wagner was born is about to be demolished, to admit of street improvements. No place could have fewer external proprieties as the birth-place of a composer, the street being mainly given up to the cruder forms of commerce. A plate with inscription used to mark the house, and the visitor was apt to wear out his eyes and his patience looking for it.

THE Archbishop of Lyons has fallen foul of M. Massenet about the part which John the Baptist plays in the composer's opera "Hérodiade." The prelate finds in it a travesty prejudicial to the interests of Christianity. Possibly he has been stimulated to action by the absurd

attitude recently taken up by the Archbishop of Vienna with regard to Vereschagin's pictures. The power of the arts in Protestant propagandism is rightly felt to be a source of no small danger to the Church.

A RECENT statement to the effect that Bismarck had a strong personal dislike to Wagner has been contradicted by the composer's friend, Mr Ferdinand Praeger. He mentions an autograph letter, shown to him by Wagner, in which the German Chancellor had addressed the composer in cordial and intimate terms. From the same authentic source he had received information as to interviews between the statesman and the artist, which left no room for doubting that warm personal esteem existed on both sides.

LISZT has apparently by no means said his last word as a composer. Not only is he occupied with a new pianoforte concerto to be called "Pathétique," but he is engaged upon an orchestral piece in memory of Richard Wagner. It is curious that the announcement that Wagner's gondola was for sale should occur almost simultaneously with that of the title of Liszt's threnody, which is to be termed "La Gondola Lugubra." If Liszt with his fine musical imagination cannot write to the level of his theme, no one else is likely to do so, unless it be Dvorák.

SOME time ago a lady belonging to the best society died at Vienna. Her great pleasure in life had been to listen to Strauss' walszes, and she never missed an opportunity of hearing them played. By a clause in her will the old lady had ordered that some of the favourite walszes should be played, and that every musician of the band should receive a sovereign. Herr Johann Strauss, on hearing of the good lady's request, was deeply touched, and proposed to conduct the band in person. At the day of the funeral he arrived with his band and his violin, placed the musicians in front of the house, and at the moment when the coffin was brought down, the well-known walsze "An der schönen, blauen Donau" was played. The execution, says an eye-witness, was most remarkable, and the hearers went away with tears in their eyes. Herr Hanslick, the Vienna critic, vouches for the truth of the story.

Accidentals.

AN advertisement appears in a Philadelphia paper for "a young man to play a piano—white or coloured."

MR MATLESON is making provincial engagements for a tour with an Italian opera company. This has an air of business.

MR GILBERT's opera libretti have been published complete in one volume by Messrs Chappell & Co. This is a step to be commended, in so far as it tends to break down the tacit acceptance of opera books as a non-literary product.

THE announcements of concerts at St James's Hall include two pianoforte recitals by M. de Pachmann on February 2d and 23d. The Rubinstein series of seven historical recitals is also announced, though the dates of these are not yet fixed.

MR MACHELL, of Glasgow, the inventor of a tuning-fork piano, has, it is said, obtained a conditional promise from Mr Mackenzie to write a part for the new instrument in his forthcoming opera, "Guillaume de Cabestan." If this is so, Mr Machell is to be congratulated on his good fortune.

"The Mannerisms of Beethoven" was the subject of a paper read by Mr J. S. Shedlock at the last monthly meeting of the Musical Association. The paper was admittedly able, but a good many of the musicians pre-

sent seemed unwilling to be persuaded that Beethoven had any mannerisms.

THE German in America is the leading musical element in the mixing of races going on there. Milwaukee is this year to be the scene of one of the great Choral Festivals which excite such enthusiasm in the States; and invitations are being sent to European societies. Vienna has responded.

HERR HAUSMANN, who takes Piatti's place at the Monday Popular Concerts, is an admirable artist, and uses his instrument with a mastery of all its parts; but his appearance is a constant reminder of the regrettable accident which has disabled London's favourite cellist.

Signor Piatti will not, it is said, be able to play this season.

HERR M. SONS, who is the leader of Mr Mauns' Edinburgh and Glasgow orchestra this season, has made his débüt as a soloist in Beethoven's violin concerto.

He is a fair-complexioned and slender young man, very conscientious in his duties at the desk, and, as a soloist, capable without being brilliant. His playing has the merit of force with an absence of self-assertion. The listener really hears Beethoven, which is much.

IT is stated that Liszt is to go to St Petersburg in March to conduct two performances of his works, given by the Russian Musical Society. The statement should be taken with a little scepticism. Liszt's career began too early in the century to admit of his now facing the strain of conducting concerts. Besides, if he were going to wield the baton at all, would he not have done so for his English friends, with whom he fully means to be in April?

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN will be present at the projected performance of Gounod's "Mors et Vita" at the Albert Hall in the spring. English musicians, however, are so little accustomed to playing before royalty, that this sudden apparition of Her Majesty may beget considerable unsteadiness both in chorus and orchestra. M. Gounod would doubtless have responded to the desire of his admirers and conducted, but dare not. *Cherchez la femme.*

MR MUNDELLA is credited with being a very high-handed official, but if this is so, he can at least give generous praise where it is deserved. Speaking at the Stockwell Training College lately, he congratulated Dr Stainer on his successful labours as a government inspector. "I have always," said Mr Mundella, "regarded the appointment of Dr Stainer as one of the best of my official acts, and I wish he were free to devote his whole time to objects of national musical training."

At the Choral Competition of the Tonic Sol-Fa Choirs, to be held at the Crystal Palace on June 5, Mr Prout, Mr Barnby, and Dr Bridge will act as judges. The competition is limited to choirs under one hundred, and of these not more than fifty or less than forty members can go up, of whom, at least, thirty must hold the intermediate, and the rest the elementary certificate. Medals in gold, silver, and bronze, with certificates, are to be given. The medals will have, on one side, a profile of the late John Curwen.

MADAME NILSSON, who returned to England for a few days in the middle of the month, is again on the Continent—this time for a holiday. The critics of North Germany had some unkind things to say regarding her dramatic style of platform singing. Madame Nilsson, as most audiences know, going far to treat the platform as a stage. A good deal of the same thing seems to have been readily accepted by the Germans at the hands of Madame Schroeder-Devrient, but that old declamatrix, as Mendelssohn termed her, had a peculiar hold on the affections of the German people, and with good reason.

SINCE there seems no likelihood of the human family being relieved of the necessity of labour, it is well that work should be made as pleasant as possible. A decided move in this direction has lately been taken by a Berlin inventor, who has produced a musical sewing machine. This interesting piece of mechanism turns out an average amount of work, and at the same time it plays lively melodies in great variety, the music drowning the noise of the sewing machinery. Here is a combination as novel as it must be agreeable. The innovation is one which may with advantage be extended in innumerable directions, and with equal chance of popularity. Who knows but one day the "concourse of sweet sounds" may be heard above the din of factory wheels, and the rumble of street cars?

On the 1st of June next there will be opened at Saltaire, near Bradford, what is to be entitled a "Palace of Delight." In some respects it will be an exhibition similar to the Inventories of last year, but in some important features it will be an entire departure from anything which has ever taken place in England. It is to inaugurate the opening of new science and art schools, which are to be added to the famous Salt schools at a cost of about £10,000. The exhibition will be roughly divided into two sections. There will be a display of scientific and industrial exhibits on the one hand, whilst there will also be eight acres of ground laid out in a large garden, which will be planted with flowers and trees, and contain many attractions. This garden will be altogether on a magnificent scale, such as has never before been attempted in connection with any similar exhibition in England. A gigantic fountain, an American circular tent of special design, and one of the largest of its description ever erected in this country, will afford extensive accommodation for concerts and bands. A daily entertainment and other attractions for children are provided by the programme. The choral societies of Lancashire and Yorkshire will be asked to give concerts.

IN the recently published volume of lectures of George Dawson, the following passage occurs:—"A man asks, 'What is the use of music?' I never answer that man. The use of music! I could discourse to him on the use of bacon; I could tell of the use of geography; I could, in my humble measure, tell him of the use of chemistry; but the use of music! That man will ask us next, 'What is the use of the smell of the rose?' or 'What is there in birds singing?' He is the man who will enter into a long disquisition upon the probable uses of the song of the nightingale, and he will be reduced to a puzzle by it too, for that said nightingale begins to sing at unseemly hours; she is apt to keep men out of doors on chilly evenings, from which they are led to take cold. Such a man is one of those of whom Richter says, they like nightingales, but roasted; and myrtles, in the same way that the Spanish bakers do—to light their ovens with. Never trouble yourselves to explain uses to these men, they are of no use to them. Music, the smell of the rose, the songs of birds, have no uses; nightingales, for aught I know, have no uses; except just simply to be nightingales. Such things have no end or beginning, they are mere ecstasies of being, circles, whirlpools. Grant at once that they have no use, and so have done with the utilitarian school. This is a way of ending many debates, for there are certain men as to whom it is best always to allow them everything they ask for. If they say, 'Music is useless,' say, 'Granted,' and just when they are beginning to crow in their pride, say, 'What then?'"

THE following official notice of the Crystal Palace Concerts has been issued:—"The scheme of the ten Saturday concerts which are to form the latter half of the 1885-86 series is of unusual interest and importance, both as regards the works to be performed and the executants engaged. The concerts will be resumed on Saturday, February 13, with a performance of Dvorák's 'Spectre's Bride,' with Madme Albani in the principal soprano part. The famous Bohemian composer's Patriotic Hymn will precede the larger work. The chorus will be undertaken by the choir of Novello's oratorio concerts, and Mr A. C. Mackenzie will conduct. Other important works announced during the series are Gounod's 'Mors et Vita,' Beethoven's 'Choral' Symphony, Brahms' new Symphony, if score and parts can be obtained, and a selection

from Dr Franz Liszt's compositions, which will form the programme of the concert on April 10, at which the great composer and executant will himself be present. Amongst the leading artists engaged for the forthcoming concerts may be named, in addition to Mdme. Albani, mentioned above, the following vocalists: Mesdames Annie Marriott, Thudichum, Henschel, Bertha Moore, Amy Sherwin, Hope-Glenn, Kate Flinn, Annie Layton; Messrs Santley, Edward Lloyd, Maas, G. Henschel, Harper Kearton, Watkins Mills, &c.; and, as solo executants, Signor Bottesini (who will make his first appearance at the Saturday concerts), Herr Joachim, Gospodin Vladimir de Pachmann, Mr Gompertz, Mr John Dunn, and the Bohemian violinist, Pan Franz Ondreick (who will make first appearance at these concerts). It may also interest musical amateurs to know that it is in contemplation to give, at an early date in the following season, a performance of Gounod's 'Redemption' on the scale of the Handel Festivals. The production of M. Gounod's oratorio being eminently suitable for performance on a broad and colossal scale, the best results may be anticipated, should the proposed production be arranged."

Literature of Music.

A HISTORY OF MUSIC. By John Rowbotham. Vol. I. Trübner & Co., London.

The desire for a higher systematic knowledge of subjects which are primarily of sensuous interest, has found no more striking illustration than in the rapid development of an important musical literature. Alike from the aesthetic, physical, and historical point of view, the musician's library yearly grows, both in number and importance; and the older writers on music—Bourdetot, Rousseau, Castil-Blaze, and the rest—appear curiously ill-informed and verbose, even by the side of the least pretentious text-books of to-day. Mr Rowbotham has happily chosen his time to make a valuable addition to the list. To-day perhaps, for the first time it has become possible to construct an accurate and thorough history of music. There are still many links wanting to complete the chain, many points which seem hopelessly indeterminate, but there is an immense range of materials for reduction to order. To this task Mr Rowbotham brings a wide culture, and the historic *sine qua non*—conscientiousness of research. His work shows a lack of the finer sense of style which confers upon a history a specific value considered merely as a contribution to literature; but, apart from the manner, the matter is of unfailing interest and importance. The volume issued follows the orthodox order of development, treating of the drum, pipe, and lyre in succession, and indicating the part which the instruments play in barbaric life. That the writer's views in all points of theory will meet with acceptance is, however, more than doubtful. The classification of vocal as spiritual music, and instrumental as sensuous music, is one which indicates a partial failure in analysis; and his account of vocal music, as originating in the impassioned story-telling of primitive tribes, has a familiar mythical charm. Even more debatable matter is to be found in his endeavour to establish a series of parallels between speech and music, though the treatment is exceedingly suggestive. From the flute-loving sensual natures, he proceeds to the more intellectual races who have reached the lyre stage, at which point the music of the old civilisations is considered. The Egyptian and Assyrian music is fully and ably handled; and the subsequent account of the various types of Mongolian music abounds in interesting matter. Not the least important feature of the volume is its copious illustration of primitive music. Regarded as a whole, the volume is perhaps the most useful of its kind yet published; and, dealing as it does with the most difficult section of the subject, it promises even superior work in the sections yet to come.

THE PRINCIPLES OF SINGING: A Practical Guide for Vocalists and Teachers; with Vocal Exercises. By Albert B. Bach. W. Blackwood & Sons.

Mr Bach's writings on the vocal art have been known for some years as singularly shrewd, practical, and scientific disquisitions on a subject which has known much darkening of counsel. He is himself a vocalist of high

standing, trained in the best methods, and what he teaches rests upon a sound basis of individual experience. There are, moreover, few vocalists who have so fully thought all round their art, and brought so independent a judgment to bear upon it. Mr Bach's work is in three main divisions. He treats first of Acoustics, and gives a rapid and useful historical survey of what has been discovered on the physical side, from the earliest times to Helmholtz. The physiology and anatomy of the voice are next briefly treated, the exposition being creditably free from scientific jargon. As was to be expected, the bulk of the book is concerned with the theory and practice of the voice, and it is here that Mr Bach's experience and fresh observation and reasoning most strikingly appear. He has bestowed much pains on children's voices, and some of his remarks under this head deserve attention, both in the school and the home. Mr Bach is emphatic as to excluding all false and impure tones from the hearing of the child. Children should, in his opinion, not even play with toy instruments which are out of tune; they should in fact have no opportunity of hearing bad music. Much information of practical import is given as to the compass of children's voices, and the breaking of the voice.

On the vital question of the reading of music, Mr Bach makes a suggestion which may be quoted at length:—

To assure a speedy acquaintance with the notes and intervals, I should recommend the following in place of the usual uninteresting and tiresome exercises for the singing of intervals: Let the master ask the pupil for the songs he is already familiar with, and select from these such as begin with different intervals. Let him then explain to the pupil the first interval with which each song begins. It is a well-known fact that most children sing the intervals perfectly in tune before they are able to read music. Intervals and melodious combinations lie, as it were, slumbering in hazy outlines in the musical imagination of the child, and require only to be awakened and made to live. While the pupil is singing the first interval, let the master write it with chalk in large and legible notes on a black board. By this means the eye will be made to support the memory for tones, and after some repetition of the experiment the pupil will have acquired in an interesting manner familiarity with the intervals and notes throughout his own songs.

The development of the sense of rhythm, breathing, tone-formation, equalisation of the voice, are some of the points treated at greater or less length, and with much suggestiveness. The value of the work is enhanced by the inclusion of very copious practical rules and a complete set of vocal exercises; principle and practice may in fact go admirably hand in hand, although the work is much more than a manual.

MUSIC STUDY IN GERMANY. By Amy Fay. Macmillan & Co., London.

This volume, which has been a popular one for several years in America, seems to have been going a-begging for an English publisher. While it was yet time, the work has been taken up by Messrs Macmillan, and issued in very handsome guise, under the editorial patronage of Sir George Grove; and a success hardly less than that gained in America may be predicted for it here. The writer is a bright American girl, who some years ago came to Europe a raw amateur to be polished into a virtuosa; and her home letters, descriptive of the process and of the persons who were concerned in it, make up the volume. They are written "off the reel," their unpremeditated character being one of their charms. Shaky grammar and frank Americanisms do not even lessen this charm; these are part of the hasty, spontaneous method which makes up in vividness of portraiture and record of impressions, what is lacking in point of literary finish. The one thing, however, that every page declares is that Miss Fay can not only observe, but can also describe piquantly and reason with considerable mother-wit. Her accounts of her various teachers and their systems are thus as full of suggestion to the professional pianist as her pen-photographs and personal gossip are interesting to the general reader.

Of the two great masters of technique, Kullak and Tausig, Miss Fay has much that is interesting to say:—

Kullak is not nearly so terrible a teacher as Tausig. He has the greatest patience and gentleness, and helps you on; but Tausig keeps rating you and telling you, what you feel only too deeply, that your playing is awful. When Tausig used to sit down in his impatient way and play a few bars, and then tell me to do it just so, I used always to feel as if someone wished me to copy a streak of forked lightning with the end of a wetted match. At the last lesson Tausig gave me, however, he entirely changed his tone, and was extremely sweet to me. I think he regretted having made me cry at the previous lesson, for just as I sat down to play, he turned to the class and made some little joke about these sensitive Americans. Then he came and stood by me, and nothing could have been gentler than his manner. After I had finished, he sat down and played the whole piece for me, a thing he rarely does, introducing a

magnificent trill in double thirds, and ending up with some peculiar turn in which he allowed his virtuosity to peep out at me for a moment.

Here is a fairly graphic account of Wagner's conducting in Berlin in 1871:—

We were all on tiptoe to know how he would direct (*Faust Overture*). He controlled the orchestra as if it were a single instrument and he were playing on it. He didn't beat the time simply as most conductors do, but he had all sorts of little ways to indicate what he wished. It was very difficult for them to follow him, and they had to keep their little eye open. He held them down during the first part, so as to give the uncertainty and speculativeness of *Faust's* character. Then as *Mephistopheles* came in, he gradually let them loose with a terrible crescendo, and made you feel as if hell suddenly gaped at your feet. Wagner has an enormous forehead, and is the most nervous-looking man you can imagine, but has that grim setting of the mouth that betokens an iron will. When he conducts he is almost beside himself with excitement. That is one reason why he is so great as a conductor, for the orchestra catches his frenzy, and each man plays under a sudden inspiration. He really seems to be improvising on the orchestra.

The authoress, however, reserves most of her enthusiasm for Liszt. The following will be read with interest:—

Liszt is the most interesting and striking-looking man imaginable. Tall and slight, with deep-set eyes, shaggy eye-brows, and long iron-gray hair, which he wears parted in the middle. His mouth turns up at the corners, which gives him a most crafty and Mephistophelian expression when he smiles, and his whole appearance and manner have a sort of Jesuitical elegance and ease. His hands are very narrow, with long and slender fingers that look as if they had twice as many joints as other people's. They are flexible and supple that it makes you nervous to look at them. The polish of his manner is unique. But the most characteristic thing about Liszt is his wonderful variety of expression and play of feature. One moment his face will look dreamy, shadowy, tragic. The next he will be insinuating, amiable, ironical, sardonic; but always the same captivating grace of manner. He is a perfect study. I cannot imagine how he must look when he is playing. He is all spirit, but half the time, at least, a mocking spirit, I should say. He looks as if he had been through everything, and has a face seamed with experience. He made me think of an old-time magician, and I felt that with a touch of his wand he could transform us all.

As an illustration of experience in the acquirement of technique, we quote the following:—

Deppe proceeded to teach me how to strike chords. I had to learn to raise my hands high over the key-board, and let them fall without any resistance on the chord, and then sink with the wrist, and take up one hand exactly over the notes, keeping the hand extended. There is quite a little knack in letting the hand fall so, but when you have once got it, the chord sounds much richer and fuller. And so on, *ad infinitum*. Deppe had thought out the best way of doing everything on the piano—the scale, the chord, the trill, octaves, broken octaves, broken thirds, broken sixths, arpeggios, chromatics, accent, rhythm—all! He says that the principle of the scale and of the chord are directly opposite. "In playing the scale you must gather your hand into a nutshell, as it were, and play on the finger tips. In taking the chord, on the contrary, you must spread the hands as if you were going to ask a blessing." This is particularly the case with a wide interval. He told me if I ever heard Rubinstein play again, to observe how he strikes his chords. "Nothing cramped about him! He spreads his hands as if he were going to take in the universe, and takes them up with the greatest freedom and abandon!" Deppe has the greatest admiration for Rubinstein's tone, which he says is unequalled, but he places Tausig above him as an artist.

Notices of New Music.

J. B. CRAMER & CO., 201 REGENT STREET, LONDON.

Remember. Words by Clifton Bingham. Music by Luigi Caracciolo.—"Remember!" We have heard the title before. There is in this song the facility that goes to the heaping up of sheet music, but nothing that will tempt any singer of fair culture.

Gwendoline. Words by Nella. Music by Henry Parker.—A song written on lines happily growing less and less popular. Mr Parker can supply effective phrases for the voice, and smooth and well-modulated accompaniments. His work, however, comes perilously near to the kind of thing recently condemned by Mr Cowen in penitent mood.

Slippers and Rice, by the same collaborators, risks its success upon the well-worn bell device.

Army and Navy. Words by H. K. Crofts. Music by J. Stuart Crook.—A bit of robustious sentiment appropriately got up in red and blue. The words are patriotic without really catching the heroic note, and the tune sufficeth. It may be shouted.

Mitternacht. Polka by Willem Mach.—A brisk composition after its kind.

Au Volant. Polka by Maurice Freval.—A grotesque title-page with the Socialistic motto, "La propriété c'est

le Vol," rather bars the way to the contents. These are not unattractive to the young player.

Adelaide. Waltz by Enos Andrew.—This has the right amount of motion and contrast without showing distinctive freshness. The frontispiece deserves commendation.

LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING CO., 54 GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

Iris. Waltz by Erskine Allon.—Though with less surface attraction than most, this waltz is worth a hearing, if it be only because of the attempt in it to avoid what is hopelessly hackneyed.

CARL WARMUTH, CHRISTIANIA.

Norwegian National Music.—This is a collection of Scandinavian Folk-Songs with an infusion of songs by modern writers, the whole making a volume that may be perused with keen pleasure and returned to with interest. The songs express all moods—the heroic, the pastoral, the humorous; in fact they fairly represent the emotional side of a sturdy race. Some of the songs, for example those in praise of the Fatherland, are set to broad stirring melodies expressive of native pith. Others embody quaint dance measures, or describe incidents of rural and domestic life with much piquancy. As an illustration of the music of the fells and fjords it cannot be too highly valued. A few of the songs, notably a charming composition by Svensden, are in the German manner. As a sample of the contents of the volume we quote, in our Music Supplement, "Margaret's Cradle Song." A fairly good English version is given of each song, thus making the collection available for general use here.

Music in Florence.

[From a Correspondent.]

WITH the Carnival begins the season of concerts, and the Philharmonic Hall fills and empties itself once or twice daily. Foremost are the four concerts of the Florentine Trio—Signors Buonamici (piano), Chiostri (violin), and Svolgi (cello)—than which no more perfect music can be desired.

At the Verdi Celebration Concert, given by the "Florentine Quartet," the quartet for stringed instruments, Verdi's only composition of the kind, was exquisitely rendered and created quite a *furore*. It is a work which stands alone, having none of the severity and "school" of the classical masters, yet being full of its own charm of melody. The Italian players, who put a new passion even into the German masters, played this, which is music after their own soul, with a spirit and *brio* that electrified the audience.

Amongst the new vocal stars, perhaps the one who has met with the greatest appreciation is Mr William Nicholl, whose concert on Tuesday, 12th January, was an undoubted success. Mr Nicholl has a pure tenor of a rich quality, perfect training, and refined school altogether. It is thought in musical circles that a great success awaits him in London. It is certain that he received quite an ovation from his Florentine audience. He was well supported by Signor Umicini, pupil of Hans Von Bülow, who interpreted Chopin and Liszt with great spirit.

Concerts are announced by Signor Giorgi, the flautist, and Mr Thomson, whose violin playing is attracting notice in Italy.

Sig. Pinski has just brought out his opera, "Margarita," at the Pergola. It has not met with the success it deserves, owing probably to a want of finish in the performance. The music is in itself charming.

Bianca Donadio has been giving the Florentines a treat in some special representations of "Dinorah," "Sonnambula," "Il Barbiere," at the Niccolini Theatre. After the overdrawn tremolo and exaggerations of much modern vocalisation, it is a true pleasure to hear a voice purely trained in the easy and clear execution, which is the charm of Adelina Patti and Albani. Donadio's style is very charming in its simplicity, though her voice may have lost some of its roundness.

A CYNICAL bachelor of another city says woman is a good deal like the accordion. You can draw her out, but she makes music if you attempt to shut her up.

Echoes.

Dublin.

THE Dublin Popular Concerts have met with the fullest success this season. At the beginning of the season grave doubts were expressed as to whether it was a mistake or not to produce such high-class music to Shilling Saturday popular audiences, but Mr Collisson, the conductor of the series, determinedly kept up the standard of the programmes, and what has been the result? at every concert this season it has been almost impossible to gain admission to the Antient Concert Rooms, and although the audience was most inconveniently crowded, yet for all that, they listened most appreciatively. The series has given rise to many important events to music in Dublin, foremost amongst which has been the *début* of Miss Du Bédat, a young Irish lady, who has most appropriately earned the title of the "Irish Nightingale." Miss Du Bédat possesses a clear soprano voice of remarkable range and sweetness; she also exhibits a most intelligent manner of reading all the music allotted to her. We predicted last season that she would, at a day not far off, "become one of the leading singers of the day;" we think she is approaching that day very rapidly indeed. The management were enabled, through the liberal support of the public, to make several very important engagements, amongst which were:—Miss Mary Davies, who created a furore on the 19th December, Miss Josephine York, Mr Henry Guy, Herr Poznanski, and Mlle. Berthe Brousil. Mr Collisson's Choir of 80 voices assisted at one concert which consisted entirely of the works of representative English composers. The Band of the Royal Irish Constabulary, which was so much admired at the Inventions Exhibition in last July, played at another concert. Mr Collisson's new song, "A Hey! for the North," was sung with much dramatic power, at the concert of the 9th inst., by Miss Du Bédat, to whom the song is most suitably dedicated. The management intend giving five extra concerts, for which the following artists amongst others have been engaged:—Madame Sinico, Miss Bertha Moore, Madame Antoinette Sterling, Mr Charles Chilley, Mr Seymour Kelly, and Herr Poznanski.

Exeter.

NOR much has been doing, musically, in this city for some time past. The usual Christmas performance of the Oratorio Society was much missed. The society has got into debt, and in order to avoid adding to the incubus, resolved not to give any performance at Christmas. The society is now appealing to the public to help to free it from its indebtedness. At the Cathedral on Christmas Day music was the prevailing feature. In the afternoon there was no sermon, but the service was choral. Both before and after it, appropriate carols were sung, and also selections from the "Messiah." In some of the city churches also carols were sung. Two capital promenade concerts have been given by the Volunteers and City Band. The band continues to make steady progress under the direction of Mr G. James, bandmaster, and it is undoubtedly the best the city has ever possessed. Mrs Barton Land (née Miss Jessie Ross, the well-known pianiste) gave one of her popular musical evenings, which was well attended and very enjoyable. Another is announced to take place shortly. In the prevailing dulness in musical matters, attention is being concentrated on the approaching concert in connection with Mr Farley Sinkins' series of Subscription Concerts, and which is to be given about the middle of February. A very full list of the most eminent artists, both vocal and instrumental, has been engaged.

Bradford.

THE local committee is setting a praiseworthy example to the musicians of other towns in introducing the less familiar compositions into their concert lists. At the fourth of the present series at St George's Hall, on January 15th, Cherubini's "Grand Mass in C," and Sir Julius Benedict's Cantata "St Cecilia" were given. With Mr Halle's band, and vocalists such as Miss Thudichum, Miss Hope Glenn, Mr Edward Lloyd, and Mr Watkin Mills, it is scarcely necessary to say that the pieces were enthusiastically received.

Gardiff.

THE fifth annual concert of the local Musical Association was held at the Park Hall, January 6th, the pieces selected being Haydn's "Creation" and Mendelssohn's "Athalie." The principal vocalists were Miss Anna

Williams, Miss Emily Dones, Mr Henry Piercy, and Mr Watkin Mills. The chorus had been reinforced by members from the Hereford and Llandaff Cathedral choirs, and the orchestra was led by Mr A. Burnett.

Ipwich.

On Thursday, 21st inst., the Choral Society gave a performance of "St Paul" before a crowded audience. This was the first time "St Paul" had been heard in Ipswich. The chorus and band numbered nearly 300, the instrumentalists, led by Mr Pratt, being formed of the Ipswich Philharmonic Society, with assistance from London and elsewhere. Mr Charles Cooke conducted, and Mr Fred Lewis officiated as organist. Great satisfaction was given by the rendering of the work.

Leeds.

THE second Coliseum Saturday Concert was given on January 16, the audience being large and enthusiastic. Mr Edgar Haddock proved himself a competent violinist in selections from Wieniawski, Alard, and De Beriot. Madame Emile Clarke, Miss Winkworth, Mr. Mark Moon, and Mr Attia were the principal vocalists. Dr Spark, who recently returned to town, gave an organ recital in the Town Hall on the same evening. The death of Mr Maas having been announced in the course of the evening, the "Dead March" was played.

Nottingham.

THE "Elijah" performance here on the 19th Jan. passed off very successfully. Miss Anna Williams, Miss Honeybone, Madame Marian M'Kenzie, Mr Henry Guy, and Signor Foli were the principal vocalists. In February Madame Valleria comes with an interesting company—Miss Merydeth Elliott, a new contralto, Mr J. W. Turner, Signor Foli, Miss Nettie Carpenter, Madame Frickenhaus, and others.

Belfast.

THE only concert of importance given here of late was a remarkably fine performance of Mendelssohn's "Elijah," in the Ulster Hall, on the 18th ultimo, under the auspices of the Belfast Philharmonic Society. For the occasion, Mr Herbert Thorndyke undertook the music of the Prophet, Miss Mary Davies singing the soprano music, Mr Hirwen Jones that of the tenor, and Miss Wakefield (who gave her services) taking charge of the contralto solos. The band and chorus, which numbered over 400, were under the direction of Herr Adolf Beyschlag, whose ability as a conductor has never been shown to greater advantage. The choruses, without exception, were all given with precision, and with an attention to expression seldom found in such a large body of singers. The orchestra, which was largely augmented with players from England, was the most complete we have yet had here.

Edinburgh.

THE important concerts of the month have been those of the Choral and Orchestral Union, which are seldom subjected to any severe competition. The fifth of the series, on the 4th of January, included in its programme the overture of Gluck's "Iphigenia in Aulis," with Wagner's Coda, the introduction and death song from "Tristan und Isolde," and Beethoven's C minor concerto. The specialty of the evening, however, was Raff's "Im Walde" symphony, a strong piece of work of much imaginative suggestiveness. In manner rather than in phrase, it suggests comparisons with many composers—in romance with Weber, in charm of forest music with Mendelssohn, in the special handling of the wild ride with Wagner. On Monday, the 11th, the sixth concert was given with several novelties in it from the local point of view. Schubert's Italian overture and the ballet airs from Gounod's "Reine de Saba" furnished some lighter elements to the programme, and Herr Maurice Sons, the leader of the orchestra, gave a very praiseworthy rendering of the solo part of Beethoven's violin concerto. Dvorák's Second Symphony was looked forward to with much interest, though there was some division of opinion as to its merit. It is a bold and successful attempt to put the wine of romanticism into the classic bottle of the symphonic form. At a concert on the following evening, given by Madame Sinico, Mlle. Ameris, Signor Foli, Mr Welch, and others, Madame Sinico's daughter made a somewhat premature *début*. The admirable violin playing of Fräulein Eissler was the chief feature of the concert.



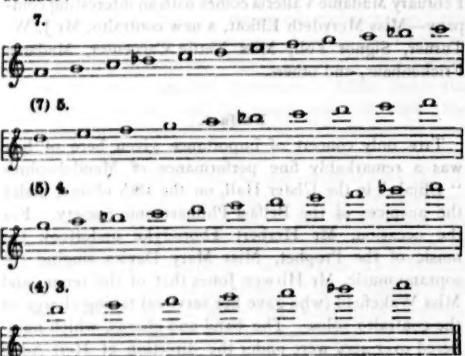
The Instructor

THE HARMONIUM.—VII.

The number of correct solutions, sent in response to the question with which the last lesson ended, was too large to admit of the names of the writers being given. Only one or two of them were misled by the misprint of the for in the reference to the Baryton stop in the fourth line from the close. To get the effect indicated of a scale of more than five octaves in the left hand it is necessary to commence with the Bourdon stop and proceed as under. Unbracketed numbers indicate stops to be drawn; bracketed numbers indicate stops to be closed.



To get a similar consecutive scale of more than five octaves in the right hand division of the key-board, the following changes must be made:—



THE VIOLIN—IX.

F. O. C. is an enquirer whose studies are in advance of these articles, and some of his questions will be answered later in this column. He asks the correct position for the thumb on the bow—whether inside the nut or against the stick. The thumb should be on the stick, but close to the ferrule of the nut. Care should be taken to let the first finger incline easily and without stiffening along the stick. The thumb should then come opposite the second finger. Connected with this question is that of "Amati," who wishes some hints for the development of tone. No more important question could occupy the attention of a beginner if quality of tone be meant. But to give proper "hints" on this point would be to repeat the substance of these articles. To obtain quality of tone is the chief end of all violin playing, and everything should lead up to it. Quantity of tone is another matter and that the student should at first not exercise himself about. The temptation to loud playing is great no doubt; it is akin to the bass singer's ambition to shake the building with his low E flat. When the ability to produce a pure, even tone has been acquired the player will hardly need hints. Here however we may generalise. Tone is obtained by light and steady pressure of the bow on the string throughout its entire length. Do not begin with a rasp; do not bear the string down; do not scrape when reversing the bow; and do not indulge eagerness to get into the delights of rapid bowing before the art of perfect, slow bowing has been fairly acquired. H. B. says he has noticed a virtuoso raising his finger from the string straight up into the air when playing, and wants to know if this is a *la mode*. A virtuoso may do anything; a common fiddler had better observe the rules laid down for commonplace people. One of the elementary rules of fingering is that the fingers should not be raised further than is required to liberate the string, the reason being obvious—that they should be as near as may be to the position required to stop the next note. In fact the sound principle is that no finger should be lifted from the string until absolutely necessary, and then as little as possible.

"MECHANIC" wants to know if the cutting of the bridge is merely a matter of taste. No; there has probably been no amateur who has not flattered himself that he could improve his instrument by trying a bridge with an original cutting. But failure has waited upon, and, doubtless, will continue to wait upon, all such attempts. Experiment, repeated again and again, has proved that the present form is not to be departed from without loss of tone-quality. A sound maxim is—let the bridge alone. Another question by "Mechanic" is important. In stringing the violin, if, by any chance you have to change the whole set, do not take all four strings off at once. This relaxation of the tension may have an injurious effect upon the vibratory capacity of the instrument. Let the strings be taken off one at a time, fixing the new string before removing a second.

Questions and Answers.

ORGANIST.—The tactics you draw our attention to, will not avail the parties.

PHILIP DOYLE.—We do not make individual recommendations. Your city is not so desolate as you suppose of teaching power.

JOHN RAWCLIFFE.—Your suggestion has been made to us before, and is one of several to be adopted when the support of the friends of the Magazine justifies us in doing so.

MY QUEEN.—Your verses are certainly jubilant enough this time, but somewhat staccato. "Spring" has been sung by poets until not one of her charms remains unexhausted. We confess a liking for fresher themes.

W. C. MASTERS.—Your MSS. has not come to hand.

NABOB.—Joseph Rubinstein is not related to Anton Rubinstein. It was the former who wrote the attacks on Brahms and Schumann in the "Bayreuther Blätter."

HERBERT SMITH.—You are certainly not likely to get Schubert's "Minnesänger," unless you light on a replica of the original MSS.

A.—Your joke is misplaced; the quintet is an established vocal form and one of great richness. It has been used by Spohr, Goetz, and Wagner.

INSIGNATOR.—Instruction books cannot be suitably recommended without knowing the stage you have reached. Mr Pauer's "Treatise on the Pianoforte," published by Messrs Novello, is certain to be useful.

ORGAN.—It is necessary that the sustained note should be related to the chords upon it, or discord would ensue. In the case of the dominant, the chords should admit of immediate resolution into the chord of the dominant.

B. B.—If the seventh note, that is D, were sharpened in the scale you quote, there would be a tone and a half between the sixth and seventh, and a semitone between the seventh and eighth, the scale then being E minor.

WAGNER.—"The Meister Singer," "Nibelung's Ring," "Tristan und Isolde," and "Parsifal" have all been translated into English by H. F. Corder. There is also an alliterative verse translation of the "Ring" by Alfred Forman. Any agent will get them for you.

P. ORSON.—The invention of the violin is usually attributed to Gaspar Duifoprugcar, a Bolognese, who flourished early in the sixteenth century.

JEANNIE.—No absolute rule can be given as to the speed of a shake, but you may safely assume for some years to come that the faster you can shake the better.

ADMIRAL B.—Your note is interesting. The shark that swallowed that cello must have had an uneasy night after it.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.—Your school singing should be supplemented by a class in which the children should be trained to sing from note. Insist on piano-singing above everything.

CHOIR BOY.—You have no need to complain. Sir George Macfarren is of opinion that a cathedral choir is the very best cradle for a musician that our country affords. From 9 to 10½ is the usual age at which boys are admitted.

ASPIRANT.—A pamphlet in English, giving all particulars of course of study, cost, &c., at the Leipzig Conservatorium will be forwarded to you on application to the Directorate.

EASTER.—Your liking for the songs of Franz and Liszt is creditable to you. We shall include some examples of these writers in the "Supplement" from time to time.

HENRY.—Paganini had, as far as we remember, only one direct pupil—Sivori.

OLDHAM.—Mr Haweis says that Madame Neruda's violin is the one that Ernst played upon. Whether this is so we have no means of knowing.

A. S. C.—Dvorák is understood to have had some lessons from Smetana. The latter continued to compose after he lost his hearing.

CRICKETER.—We are not aware of any relationship: but Reginald Spofforth may have been a "demon bowler" in another sense, for he wrote the glee, "Fill high the grape-exulting stream."

PRESTO.—Schubert set out about only a dozen of Heine's songs, and went much more frequently to Goethe and Schiller.

VOX HUMANA.—The *vibrato* was introduced by Rubin, but you are mistaken in regarding it as precisely the same thing as the *tremolo*. They are kindred vices, but the latter is more wobbly.

HARMONIUM.—The salicet is an organ-stop of the Dulciana type—small pipes and reedy tone.

JABEZ-GILEAD.—If your conductor follows rather than leads, get rid of him, unless his annual subscription is sufficiently large to beget tolerance.

ROBERT DAWSON.—We should be glad to advise, and pocket the six-and-eightpence, but we have no solicitors on the staff.

T. A. C.—We answered your question in the December number, another correspondent having asked the same query.

FLAUTIST.—Thirty guineas is not extravagant for a really good flute.

* * * You can send on the M.S., but we hold out no hope of finding room for it.

In order to stimulate the literary, musical, and artistic activities of our readers, we propose to offer from month to month a series of prizes for the best examples of one or other form of Composition.

All pieces in Competition will be fully stamped, and marked outside with the title of Competition, and may either bear the

name and address of Competitor, or a new *de plume*. Address, COMPETITION EDITOR, Magazine of Music, 12 Paternoster Row, Vocal Waltz.—A prize of Three Guineas is offered for a vocal waltz. The composition to be in regular dance form with introduction and coda. MSS. must be lodged by February 1st.

Hymn Tune.—Half-a-guinea will be given for the best Hymn Tune, the composition of any reader under 16 years of age. Competition closed; the result will be announced next month.

THE EDITORIAL STAFF.

The above conditions are subject to modification up to last issue of this Magazine prior to closing of competition. The Editor cannot undertake to notice any communications from Competitors. Letters from Competitors asking the results of competitions constantly reach us. To all we must reply that such information is given only in these columns.

The Prizes are subject to be re-announced if the pieces lodged are not held to have sufficient merit.

CHRISTMAS PRIZES.

£50 PRIZE, GOLD MEDAL, PIANO.

To be supplied to the winner by Messrs Challen & Son,

53 Oxford Street, London.

£70 PRIZE, "BELL" AMERICAN ORGAN.

To be supplied to the winner by Messrs W. Bell & Son, up to November 1st, 1886.

£14 PRIZE, COMPLETE VIOLINIST'S OUTFIT.

To be supplied by Mr Alphonse Cary, Newbury, Berks.

The conditions for the three competitions are printed in the CHRISTMAS NUMBER of the "Magazine of Music" and the answers must be written only on the forms given in that number.

The latest date for receiving Competition Papers is

February 15, 1886.

London and Provincial Concert Dates.

[Concert-Directors and Secretaries are invited to send information for this column, which should arrive not later than the 20th of each month.]

LONDON.

Feb. 1, 8, 15, 22, at 8.—Monday Popular Concerts, St James' Hall.

Feb. 2, at 3.—M. Vladimír de Pachmann's Recital, St James' Hall.

Feb. 2, at 8.—"Spectre's Bride," Novello's Concert, St James' Hall.

Feb. 2 and 16, at 8. w.—Mr Wade's Chamber Concerts, Princes' Hall.

Feb. 3 and 17, at 3.—London Ballad Concerts, St James' Hall.

Feb. 10 and 24, at 8.—Do., do., do., do.

Feb. 4, at 8.15.—Mr and Mrs Henschel's Recital, Princes' Hall.

Feb. 6, 13, 20, 27, at 3.—Saturday Popular Concerts, St James' Hall.

Feb. 6, 13, 20, 27, at 3.—Mr Harrison's Recitals, Steinway Hall.

Feb. 8, at 3.—Mr Walter Bache's Concert, St James' Hall.

Feb. 9, at 8.—Mr Lindo's Recital, Steinway Hall.

Feb. 11 and 25, at 8.—Mr Ernest's Chamber Concerts, Princes' Hall.

Feb. 12, at 7.30.—"Mors et Vita," Sacred Harmonic, St James' Hall.

Feb. 16, at 3.30.—Mr Isidore de Lara's Recital, Steinway Hall.

Feb. 17, at 8.—Mr E. F. Buel's Grand Concert, Princes' Hall.

Feb. 19, at 8.30.—Royal Academy Students' Concert, St James' Hall.

Feb. 19, at 8.—Madame Viard Louis' Meeting, Princes' Hall.

Feb. 20, at 8.—Strolling Players' Concert, St James' Hall.

Feb. 23, at 8.—Warwick Street Orphanage Concert, St James' Hall.

Feb. 23, at 8.30.—Mr Franke's Chamber Music Concert, Princes' Hall.

Feb. 24, at 3.—Mdlle. Kleberg's Recital, St James' Hall.

Feb. 26, at 3.—"Mors et Vita," by Royal command, at Royal Albert Hall.

Cardiff.

Edinburgh.

Edinburgh.